

Now the régime held a trump card and Goering was not slow to build up Karajan's position at the State Opera. In fact Furtwängler's eminence remained unassailable. His Achilles heel was an insatiable envy that made it hard for him to tolerate rivals. When he learnt that Karajan was planning to conduct the Staatskapelle, not as usual in the Opera House of which it was part, but in the Philharmonie, which Furtwängler regarded as his domain, he appealed to Goebbels. Even Karajan's (officially encouraged) favourable press notices had him running in protest to the Propaganda Minister. Furtwängler's art continued to earn him triumphant ovations. But though Goebbels was happy to use these as evidence of the cultural achievements of the Third Reich, he attached to them only limited importance. "What does this Furtwängler want with his ridiculous two thousand listeners?" he scornfully observed in his diary. "What we need are the millions, and with the radio we have them." The *Kraftprobe* had been lost.

After the smoke of battle had cleared, Furtwängler, who had sought refuge in Switzerland only in the last days of the war, found himself before a denazification court. In his own view, however (and, he it said, also in the view of a number of musicians, notably Yehudi Menuhin), he was rather a victim of the Nazis, and deserved respect for his attempts to temper their racial and cultural policies. At his trial he continued to maintain that "the concern that my art was being misused for

propaganda purposes had to yield to the greater concern that German music be preserved". Subsequently he wrote, "I knew that a single performance of a piece of great German music . . . represented a stronger and more fundamental denial of the spirit of Auschwitz and Buchenwald than all the words that might have been said." Furtwängler's conception of the arts as a sphere wholly divorced from politics predictably ended in the sheerest humbug.

Smarting under what he regarded as injustice, he wrote to his old colleague Bruno Walter, at the time of the Chicago boycott, which he described as "unexpected and monstrous". The conciliatory Walter, who had in fact declined to join the boycott, replied:

Please reflect that it was your art that was years used as an extremely effective means of propaganda abroad for a devilish régime, that . . . the presence of a man of your stature . . . lent those appalling criminals cultural and moral credit . . . Please also reflect on the fact that you lived for twelve years in the Nazi Reich without ever expressing your horror of what took place. . . . Of what account is your helpful behaviour in individual cases of Jewish need?

Is it really so unexpected and monstrous that victims of Nazi persecution, and those who sympathize with their sufferings, together with opponents of that régime, should resist the appearance of a man who - whatever his inner attitudes - had the effect of being an exponent of that régime?

Furtwängler was outraged. In his reply he described such attitudes as "betraying a lack of

understanding [Einfühlungsvermögen] of the situation I found myself in". At this point, Walter's patience snapped. "This lack of understanding for others", he caustically replied, "seems to be a world epidemic."

This exchange of letters is not included in Prieberg's book, which, rather disappointingly, ends with the disintegration of the Third Reich. But I fear that had he chosen to include a coda on Furtwängler's post-war years, he would have regarded Walter's letter, which so precisely expressed what the world at large held against Furtwängler, as a further example of what, in a singularly unhappy phrase, he refers to as *Emigrantenhass*. Prieberg does not spare Furtwängler in his account of how he totally failed to take the measure of the Third Reich. But he blames the tribulations Furtwängler endured in the post-war years (which in fact largely ceased after the Chicago boycott of 1948) on "the hatred of the emigrants". To that end he attempts to blacken the reputation of men who left Germany or refused to work there. An anti-Nazi émigré critic of good repute is attacked for having in 1935 drawn royalties from Germany for his version of an opera. Thomas Mann is accused of "corruption" on account of his decision to postpone a public break with Germany in order not to damage his publisher's Christmas sales. Furtwängler, the author argues, only made such concessions to gain others. Prieberg also fishes out an isolated criticism by Mann of Jewish influence in the press of the Weimar Republic,

which even in the privacy of his diary Mann describes as "secret and upsetting", as a means of diminishing the impact of comparable observations by Furtwängler.

In his determination to show that all emigrants were not beyond reproach, Prieberg loses all sense of proportion. He blames Huberman (misspelt throughout) for not protesting against the witch-hunt in former German occupied areas against women who had slept with German soldiers as, before the war, he had protested against the persecution suffered by German girls who consorted with Jews. At one point he compares the concentration camps set up by the British in the Boer War, or those on the Isle of Man, into which German refugees were briefly herded in 1940, with the National Socialists' extermination camps. A Swiss authority, who in 1938 pursued a deplorably restrictive policy on Jewish immigration, is described as "surpassing even Goebbels in . . . inhumanity". Prieberg's description of Ira Hirschmann, who in 1936 led the successful resistance to Furtwängler's appointment to succeed Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, as "a Jew from Baltimore, a man on the make, boundlessly ambitious and a ruthless character" ("von jenem Typus, der über Leichen geht") comes as a chilling echo of that terrible period of which the author writes. It is regrettable that such an illuminating and thoroughly researched book should be marred by an unsubstantiated personal assault.

Progress with pessimism

J. F. McMillan

EUGEN WEBER
France, *Fin de Siècle*
282pp. Harvard University Press. £16.95.
0674318129
PHILIP G. NORD
Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of
Resistance
539pp. Princeton University Press. £31.25.
0691054541

Renowned for his studies *Peasants into Frenchmen* (1977) and *Action Française* (1963), and for work on topics as diverse as the nationalist revival, freemasonry, sport and antisemitism, Eugen Weber has probably done more to enrich the historiography of modern France than any other contemporary American historian. His trademarks are originality and formidable erudition, both much in evidence in his latest book, which will not disappoint his admirers. *France, Fin de Siècle* offers nothing less than a portrait of an age, viewed not from the perspective of the twentieth century but through the eyes of an inquisitive contemporary tourist, sensitive to surface phenomena.

Politically, Weber reminds us, the period was one not merely of frequent political scandals and sporadic social revolt but of a prolonged crisis, with contempt for parliamentary institutions widespread and the survival of the Third Republic anything but assured. Politics, however, are not his principal concern, which

is rather "the permanencies and the novelties that affected private life". What fascinates Weber are the ambiguities of the period: the degree to which France still bore the marks of earlier centuries and the degree to which change - even progress - was taking place.

Most of the inhabitants of late nineteenth-century France were still peasants, shod in wooden clogs and living in more or less self-contained villages and regions. In cultural, if no longer in political terms, Paris was a metropolis which dwarfed the rest of the country. Urban life in stifling provincial towns bore little relation to that of the capital. Living standards were low. Water, for instance, was scarce and a bath a luxury, even for the rich: the French, with more justice than the Irish, could be labelled the great unwashed. Some people still believed in sorcery. Paper money was still viewed with general suspicion. Yet, at the same time, there were unmistakable signs of modernity. The first *Métro* train ran in 1900. The extension of the railway network, the telegraph and the telephone all heralded a revolution in communications. The introduction of electricity was well under way. Women were beginning to break down some of the barriers to equality erected by the law and in the spheres of education and professional life.

Though not an uncritical apologist for modernity, Weber seems happy to report that, on balance, the forces of progress were winning. Deftly, with many revealing anecdotes and a deceptive lightness of touch, he explores an era when material improvements coexisted with

spiritual dejection, writing as perceptively about decadence and cultural pessimism as about bicycles and plumbing. He is aware of the social tensions and divisions of the age, reflected in phenomena such as crime, xenophobia and antisemitism; but he does not ignore the significance of new developments in mass leisure and popular entertainment. He comments authoritatively on fashion, expertly on underwear. Some critics may cavil that his picture is too impressionistic, even idiosyncratic. In fact, the book's greatest strength is its individuality. Devoid of tables, graphs and the other trappings of "scientific" history, it is a delight to read. This is history as art.

One of the few aspects of *fin-de-siècle* France to escape Weber's attention is shopkeeper protest. French historians have written exhaustively on working-class militancy but have had little or nothing to say about the revolt of the lower middle classes. Philip Nord's monograph addresses the problem by investigating the origins and political orientation of the *Ligue syndicale du travail*, an organization of *petits commerçants* founded in 1888 and numbering 140,000 members by the 1890s.

With meticulous scholarship, Nord demonstrates that the *Ligue* was founded as a reaction not so much to the advent of the large department stores, the *grands magasins* (though these were indeed the object of execration from small shopkeepers) as to long-term economic transformations. Crucial was the redevelopment of Paris under Haussmann, which divided the city's retail community into two

distinct groups, one flourishing on the new avenues and boulevards, the other *hâve* disadvantageously situated in older commercial centres like the Palais Royal and the passage Choiseul. The onset of the Great Depression exacerbated these divisions and it was the ruined merchants from the streets and arcades of old Paris who swelled the ranks of the *Ligue*.

Politically, it began life on the Republican Left but by the turn of the century its members could be classed with the new, "radical" Right. Nord explains the transition as resulting not from any evolution of ideology, which remained constant, but from changes in the wider political world: the Left's abandonment of Jacobin ideals in favour of a more collectivist vision, the ineffectiveness of Radical politicians and the Right's readiness to incorporate shopkeepers' grievances into their own anti-republican programme. Later, however, Poincarist policies would bring *petit commerce* within the conservative Republican fold.

Nord's book is an exemplary monograph, providing well-documented answers to the questions he has asked himself. But he does more than trace the history of a hitherto obscure political pressure-group. He succeeds in placing the *Ligue* in its wider context, cultural as well as social, economic and political. Particularly fascinating are the links established between retailer militancy, boulevard journalism and Montmartre cabaret shows, all of which expressed profound distaste for modernity, mass consumerism and *Paris nouveau*.

Fantacists and fanatics

Ian Kershaw

WOODRUFF D. SMITH
The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism
333pp. Oxford University Press. £22.
0195036905
NICHOLAS GOODRICK-CLARKE
The Occult Roots of Nazism: The ariosophists
of Austria and Germany 1890-1935
294pp. Aquarian Press. £12.95.
0850304024

ANNA BRAMWELL
Blood and Soil: Walther Darré and Hitler's
"Green Party"
288pp. Kensal Press. £12.95.
0946041334

ROBERT A. POIS
National Socialism and the Religion of Nature
190pp. Croom Helm. £18.95.
070994022X

Woodruff D. Smith's *The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism* appears at first sight to be treading a well-worn path. Indeed, much of the book's value lies in its excellent synthesis of the extensive literature on German imperialism before Hitler. But Smith has much to say which is new, especially on the colonial question, and offers a remarkably clear guide through the tangled web of imperialist ideas from the mid-nineteenth century to their eventual blending into Nazi expansionism. A strength is his readiness to go beyond mere description of the forms of imperialist thinking, to analyse the functions they served and the ways in which they operated within the fragmented politics of Imperial and Weimar Germany.

Smith clearly distinguishes two separate, and largely irreconcilable, imperialist ideologies, which he labels - by the catchwords that later became attached to them - *Weltpolitik* and *Lebensraum*. The former corresponded to the German variant of classical imperialism; the enlargement of a German-controlled economic area for an expanding industrial economy. He traces the promotion of such ideas among government and business bureaucrats, emphasizes the ways in which *Weltpolitik* was used to create a consensus to overcome political and social disunity, but also shows the obstacles it invariably encountered, especially among conservative landowners.

Lebensraum, which Smith traces back to mid-nineteenth-century migrationist colonialism, could be more closely reconciled with landholding interests. It laid stress on a defence against industrialism, economic modernization and social change, through settlement of the peasantry - seen as the backbone

of German culture - either in overseas colonies or, increasingly, in land annexed in eastern Europe. He follows the vagaries and complexities of these rival ideologies through the Wilhelmine period, the First World War, and the Weimar Republic before showing how the Nazis were able, more successfully than any political organization before them, to combine their major tendencies within a wider ideological framework.

From this central component of Nazi ideology, we go to the esoteric fringe of right-wing thought in Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's *The Occult Roots of Nazism*, a study based on an extensive survey of an immense array of publications on theosophy, astrology and "ariosophy" (Aryan-racist-occult theories), of the racist and nationalist fantasies of Guido von List and Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels. There is certainly an element of fascination in examining the weird and wonderful world which these Viennese crackpots shaped for themselves and their devotees. But how important is it to an understanding of Nazism? The author himself, modestly but correctly, regards his work as depicting "a marginal history", arguing that through personal contacts and literary influences occult ideas filtered through to the *völkisch* groups from which Nazism arose, and that at least two "ariosophists" contributed to Himmler's vision of a Greater Germanic Reich. But he is careful not to exaggerate the influence of such ideas on Nazism.

Points of contact were the esoteric Munich Thule Society, whose connections with the early Nazi Movement (though not specifically with Hitler himself) were made plain long ago by Reginald Phelps, and Himmler's personal susceptibility to such notions. The man described by the author as Himmler's "private magus", Karl Maria Willigut - or "Weisthor", as he liked to be known - was, however, far less influential than is suggested here, and by the late 1930s an embarrassment to Himmler as his earlier certification for clinical insanity became known.

The key question, posed in the last chapter, about the influence of "ariosophy" and especially of Lanz von Liebenfels on Hitler himself, is answered judiciously. From a careful survey of the evidence, it seems most probable that Hitler did collect and read Liebenfels's *Osara*, a scurrilous, racist pamphlet-series, during his time in Vienna. Beyond that, there was some similarity in the manichean dualism which characterized the outlook of both men. But Hitler did not share the vision of a pan-Aryan Habsburg state run from Vienna, scorned the type of antiquarian ceremonialism which Liebenfels practised, is never known to have

mentioned the name of Liebenfels during his political career, and was generally contemptuous of cultist cliques. The writings of Liebenfels suffered the fate of other occultists in the Third Reich and were banned in 1938. What we are left with, therefore, is an intriguing study of apocalyptic fantasies, indicative of one minor strand of irrationalist thought in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna.

Walther Darré, the subject of Anna Bramwell's biography, was one leading Nazi who was given to Nordic mysticism, down to experiencing "a sign from Thor" at a large standing-stone in the Odenwald in 1934. His was, on the whole, a pessimistic brand of racism, aimed at preserving a sturdy Nordic peasantry against the inroads of modernization, industrialization and cultural decay. The popularizer of the "Blood and Soil" slogan, Darré wanted to build a hereditary peasant "nobility" to replace industrial society. Such dreams and illusions were combined with much shrewd knowledge of farming practicalities and organization, derived from an extensive reading in agricultural economics and from his own agricultural training.

A late entrant to the Nazi Party, he masterminded its agrarian programme and, in the first years of power, the setting up of the Reich Food Estate, the reorganization of agricultural production and marketing, and the introduction of significant changes in peasant land tenure (particularly through the Hereditary Farm Law of 1933). As Darré's peasant wonderland became increasingly sacrificed to the needs of rearmament and war production, he lost influence, became disenchanted and isolated, and was eventually replaced as agricultural minister in 1942 by the far more hard-headed Herbert Backe. Darré was sentenced by the Americans in 1949 to seven years' imprisonment, was freed in 1950, and died in 1953.

Anna Bramwell's book is stylishly written and openly provocative as the startlingly subtle makes plain. It is written "against the grain", as Bramwell emphasizes early on in distinguishing herself from "internationalist social democrat sympathizers", who can only examine Nazism "through their own progressive prejudices". For all its verve and panache, however, the central argument of the book, aiming to isolate and separate Darré's ideology and actions from those of Nazism, and to transform his role from that of a leading Nazi ideologue to a precursor of present-day ecological thought - in some respects as the "father of the Greens" - is unconvincing.

There is no doubt that Darré's agrarian quirkiness had by the late 1930s outlived its purpose for a régime set upon a war to be

fought with the weapons and technology of the industrial age, and that he himself became increasingly embittered and disenfranchised by the course of events. But, quite apart from the fact that the developments which so disappointed him were scarcely incidental to the nature of the Nazi régime and its aims, and could have been foreseen by him as by many others, for years there had been no incompatibility between Darré's personal *Welanschauung* and Nazi ideology, and he had done his best, for both ideological and careerist reasons, to serve the régime.

The conventional picture is more convincing than Bramwell's revisionist portrait: Darré was a front-rank Nazi whose differences with Himmler and other leading Nazis had at least as much to do with power struggles (which he lost) as with the nuances of racist ideology. As for the other claim, that he was a "proto-Green", this can only be upheld by emphasizing his preoccupation with organic farming at the expense of all the other elements in his philosophy, and by regarding organic farmers today as the only true "Greens", in distinction to the political "Green Movement". Bramwell so disparages, to which most of Darré's ideology would be total anathema.

The main argument of Robert Pois's *National Socialism and the Religion of Nature* is that Nazi ideology amounted to a form of secular religion, based upon values which were the complete antithesis of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. The essential Nazi view of man was as part of an "authentic" nature and pitilessly subject to natural law, as opposed to the "unnatural" order of Judaeo-Christianity, where the laws of nature were constantly broken by divine intervention. The central concern of Pois's book is to explain how such a "religious" quest necessitated the "extermination of those whose very existence was an insult to the laws of life". The argument, if somewhat abstrusely couched, is sensible enough, though to see Nazism in terms of a secular religion is in itself not greatly original. The attempt in the last chapter to relate elements of the Nazi "religion of nature" to contemporary American life is unconvincing and in places bizarre.

The books reviewed here, taken together, do not suggest that major problems concerning Nazi ideology need urgent reinterpretation. The most rewarding approaches seem still to be those which address themselves less to a description of that ideology than to analysis of the social milieu in which it was received and which it in turn mobilized, as well as the process by which certain ideological imperatives became gradually implemented into government practice.

David H. Pinkney

J.P.T. BURY AND R.P. TOMBS
Thiers 1797-1877: A political life
370pp. Allen and Unwin. £27.50.
0049401336

By most historical rules Adolphe Thiers should be included among a tiny handful of France's greatest men. His life-span itself is historically impressive. Born in 1797, he was, as a young man, a protégé of Talleyrand, who was born in the reign of Louis XV, and in his later years he was a patron of Waldeck-Rousseau, who as prime minister from 1899 to 1902 led France into the twentieth century. He played an influential role in every one of France's nineteenth-century revolutions. He lived under seven régimes and was in or close to the seats of power in six of them. He became a minister in 1832 and first minister in 1835 while still in his thirties. In February 1848, in December 1848, and in August 1870, first Louis-Philippe, then Louis-Napoléon, and finally the Empress Eugénie appealed to him to head ministries. In the darkest hours of 1871 almost the entire nation turned to him to lead the stricken country out of defeat and humiliation, and in the next two years his leadership earned him a place along with Napoleon and Charles de Gaulle as one of the saviours of France. In those years, too, and in the mid-1870s he became the chief architect of the Third Republic, the most enduring of French régimes since 1789.

His career as a historian shone almost as brilliantly. He was one of the most acclaimed and popular historians of his century and his books won him election to the French Academy at the early age of thirty-six. In the first of his three careers, journalism, he was, in an age of influential journalists, one of the most influential, contributing by his writings to the fall of the Bourbon monarchy and to shaping the outcome of the Revolution of 1830. Surely here he is the stuff of greatness, not the greatness of a Napoleon or a de Gaulle to be sure, but certainly the stuff of enduring fame.

But a century after his death who knows the name Adolphe Thiers? Only historians and perhaps at examination time a few of their students. Save for scholars no one reads his histories or his journal articles. Until the publication of J.P.T. Bury and R.P. Tombs's volume he had never been the subject of a scholarly biography in any language. Their excellent re-creation of the life of this extraordinary man leaves one all the more aware of the

puzzling contrast between his career and his place in modern memory. Bury and Tombs suggest some explanations, and speculation on the peculiarities of Thiers's career suggests others.

As the personification of the conservative bourgeoisie of the nineteenth century, Thiers has not been kindly treated by the centrist and leftist republicans who in our time have been the principal custodians and interpreters of France's history. As Bury and Tombs remark, Thiers, along with Louis-Philippe and François Guizot, have been saddled with blame for bourgeois policies and values that have been held in low esteem by French intellectuals in this century. He has been represented as the inept old man blundering into civil war in 1871 or the calculating reactionary seizing an

opportunity to destroy the French left, and as the initiator of the "Bloody Week" in the final suppression of the Paris Commune. Having spent most of his political career in opposition he never had his name attached to any great piece of legislation. No "Loi Thiers" of beneficial memory, comparable to the Loi Guizot of 1834 or the Lois Ferry of the 1880s, serves as a peg for fame or esteem. Nor has his reputation been well served by his contemporaries, who thought him inordinately ambitious and untrustworthy and frankly recorded their opinions in their memoirs - writings that make more popular reading than the records of subtle diplomatic negotiations and complex financial measures of the difficult years 1870-73.

One cannot expect that Bury and Tombs's book will do much to close the broad gap in

Observation Car

At last they arranged it so you just couldn't see Out of any train window. You had to focus On the back seat in front, or the floor, or on The obligatory food, wheeled up on trolleys To where they had strapped you in; though a favoured few Could end up riding at the rear of the train In the Observation Car, from where the lines receding Added ever-increasing length to the two sides Of angle wedging acutely into the past. How fast that terrain seemed; and interesting. Though it vanished before you guessed it had ever been: You saw your bridges after you had crossed them, You learnt what had been before you saw it coming, And everyone pointed and said, "The amazing things We were missing all that time! If we had known, We might have stopped the train and got out to enjoy them!" - In this assuming they were better off Than the others sitting boxed in their airline seats And observing nothing. When, occasionally, Someone did complain to the guardian who came Down the gangway cancelling tickets, he would say, "You are fortunate to have seats, either there or here, In the midst of such a good metaphor for life."

ALAN BROWN JOHN

1417c 116

TLS
The Times Literary Supplement

Our Authors

All the authors of the Oxford paperbacks listed below are also frequent or long-established contributors to *The Times Literary Supplement*.

1. Mary Warnock:
Ethics since 1900. Price: £4.50

3. Victoria Glendinning:
Edith Sitwell. Price: £4.95

4. Richard Cobb:
The Police and The People.
Price: £2.95

5. Michael Howard:
War and the Liberal Conscience.
Price: £2.95

6. Hugo Williams:
Writing Home. Price: £3.95

7. Patrick Leigh Fermor:
The Violins of Saint-Jacques.
Price: £2.95

8. D.J. Enright:
Academic Year. Price: £3.95

Our Offer

New subscribers to *The Times Literary Supplement* can now take advantage of an introductory offer. Choose any three of these books and you will receive them absolutely free, when you send off for your annual (52 issue) subscription for *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Subscription Rates:
U.K.: £40.00
Europe: £59.00
U.S.A. and Canada: US\$75.00
Rest of the World: Air Mail: £72.00
Surface Mail: £55.00

Please send me a year's subscription to the TLS, PLUS my 3 FREE books as ticked below.

1 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐
6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐

Name (BL7)

Address

Postcode

I enclose my cheque for £/US\$ made payable to The Times Supplements.
Please charge my credit card.

Signed

£/US\$ Date

Please tick:

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Card No.:

Please send this coupon together with your payment to:

Linda Bartlett, The Times Supplements,
Priory House, St John's Lane, London
EC1M 4BX

Please note that this offer closes on
December 31st and delivery outside the
U.K. can take up to 28 days.

The Times Literary Supplement

December 19 1986 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

ANCIENT HISTORY 1430, ECONOMICS 1420, ENGLISH LITERATURE 1427, FICTION 1428, FRANCE 1417, GERMANY 1415-16, HISTORY 1431, IRELAND 1432-3, MEMOIRS 1418-19, PHILOSOPHY 1429, POETRY 1421-3, PSYCHOLOGY 1418

- PETER HEYWORTH Fred K. Prieberg: *Kraftprobe - Wilhelm Furtwängler im Dritten Reich* 1415-16
IAN KERSHAW Woodruff D. Smith: *The Ideological Origins of Nazi Imperialism*
Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke: *The Occult Roots of Nazism - The arcosophists of Austria and Germany 1890-1935*
J. F. McMillan Anna Bramwell: *Blood and Soil - Walther Darré and Hitler's "Green Party"*
Robert A. Pois: *National Socialism and the Religion of Nature* 1416
Eugen Weber: *France, Fin de Siècle*
Philip G. Nord: *Paris Shopkeepers and the Politics of Resentment* 1417
J. P. T. Bury and R. P. Tombs: *Thiers 1797-1877 - A political life* 1417
Observation Car (poem) 1417
Joanna Field: *A Life of One's Own. An Experiment in Leisure* 1418
Alice Thomas Ellis and Tom Pitt-Aikens: *Secrets of Strangers* 1418
Gerald Priestland: *Something Understood - An autobiography* 1418
Someth May: *Cambodian Witness* 1419
Ben Kiernan (Editor): *Burkett - Reporting the other side of the world 1939-1983*
Tom Pocock: *East and West of Suez - The retreat from Empire* 1419
John Ravenhill (Editor): *Africa in Economic Crisis* 1420
David Graham and Peter Clarke: *The New Enlightenment - The rebirth of liberalism* 1420
Mark Blaug: *Great Economists before Keynes - An introduction to the lives and works of one hundred great economists of the past* 1420
Les A. Murray (Editor): *The New Book of Australian Verse*
Leonie Kramer and Adrian Mitchell (Editors): *The Oxford Anthology of Australian Literature* 1421-3
The Headland (poem) 1422
Iain Crichton Smith: *A Life* 1423
Peter Scupham: *Out Late* 1423
Kevin Crossley-Holland: *Waterslain and Other Poems* 1423
Behind the lines 1424
Sales of books and manuscripts 1424
Letters on Georges Dumézil, Empson on Eliot, Pandemonium Presented, etc. 1425
Author, Author 1425
Seventy-five years on 1425

- KATE FLINT Commentary
Sing a Song for Sixpence: The English picture book tradition and Randolph Caldecott (British Library) 1426
Arthur Jacobs Gilbertians in Conference 1426
David Nokes Vita Sackville-West: *All Passion Spent* (BBC2) 1426
Rosemary Ashtown Adrian Mitchell: *The Pied Piper* (Oliver Theatre) 1426
J. K. L. Walker Sonda J. Stang (Editor): *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* 1427
Keith Walker Oscar Wilde and others: *Teleny* 1427
Mark Sanderson Brian O'Sullivan: *The Last Museum*
Richard Miller: *Snail* 1428
Jo-Ann Goodwin Angela Carter (Editor): *Wayward Girls Wicked Women* 1428
Patricia Craig Paperback fiction in brief 1428
Alan Ryan Andrew Reeve: *Property* 1429
David Papineau D. C. Stove: *The Rationality of Induction* 1429
David Freedman Nathan Salmon: *Frege's Puzzle* 1429
Paul Cartledge David Whitehead: *The Demes of Attica 5087-ca. 250 B.C. - A political and social study*
Mogens Herman Hansen: *Demography and Democracy - The number of Athenian citizens in the fourth century B.C.* 1430
Mary R. Lefkowitz: *Women in Greek Myth* 1430
J. V. Beckett: *The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914* 1431
Arnold P. Kaminsky: *The India Office, 1880-1910* 1431
Michael Rosenthal: *The Character Factory - Baden-Powell and the origins of the Boy Scout movement* 1431
T. W. Moody and W. E. Vaughan (Editors): *A New History of Ireland - Volume Four, Eighteenth-Century Ireland, 1691-1800* 1432
Trevor West: *Horace Plunkett, Co-operation and Politics - An Irish biography* 1432
J. P. Donlevy: *Ireland - In all her sins and in some of her graces* 1433
Kevin Fitzgerald: *With O'Leary in the Grave* 1433
Paperbacks in brief 1434
TLS Listings 1434-6
Index of books reviewed 1435
Among this week's contributors 1436

Cover picture

A 1920s unidentified portrait taken from *A True Likeness: The black South of Richard Samuel Roberts: 1920-1936*, edited by Thomas L. Johnson and Philip C. Dunn (200pp. Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, P.O. Box 2225, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27515, USA. \$34.95; paperback, \$19.95, 0912697482). The portrait is one of some 3,000 glass photographic plates that, after the death in 1936 of a black commercial photographer, were found stored under Roberts's house in Columbia, South Carolina. Almost all of the plates, recently reclaimed and restored, have remained in excellent condition. The 186 published in *A True Likeness* document middle-class black life in a Southern city in the 1920s.

Transgressions of a high priest

Peter Heyworth

FRED K. PRIEBERG
Kraftprobe: Wilhelm Furtwängler im Dritten Reich
495pp. Wiesbaden: Brockhaus.
3765303704

Of all the celebrated musicians who remained in Germany during the Third Reich, Wilhelm Furtwängler has attracted the most opprobrium. Yet few artists did as much to mitigate the impact of the National Socialists' antisemitic policies on musical life or to resist their demands that it should serve political ends. Fred K. Prieberg's *Kraftprobe* (Trial of Strength), a well-documented study of his relations with the rulers of the Third Reich, sets out to resolve this paradox, and provides the most illuminating account yet written of musical life under the Nazis.

In 1946 Furtwängler, who, as Goebbels himself acknowledged, had never been a Nazi sympathizer, let alone a member of the party, found himself brought before a "denazification" court (which acquitted him of all charges) and confronted by attacks from many quarters. Opposition to him reached its peak when in 1948 he was invited to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which traditionally had strong German affiliations. Public outcry and a threat by a number of celebrated Jewish musicians to boycott the orchestra compelled him to withdraw, as twelve years earlier he had similarly been obliged to decline an invitation to succeed Toscanini as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. I recall Furtwängler's ravaged, weary face when I was fleetingly introduced to him at the Salzburg Festival of 1949. Five years later, he died at the age of sixty-eight, embittered and prematurely aged, widely regarded as an embodiment of a regime he had by his own lights tried to resist.

Mr Prieberg sets out at once to defend his subject's intentions, while condemning his failure to take the measure of his opponents. That is a hard position to maintain, because it is precisely Furtwängler's lack of understanding of the Third Reich that calls his resistance to it into question.

Though Furtwängler was no Nazi, he was an anti-Nazi only in a limited sense. The child of a distinguished archaeologist, handsome, well-born, well-to-do and highly *gebildet*, he appeared to have been born under a lucky star. When at the age of only thirty-six he succeeded Nikisch as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, he became in effect Germany's leading musician. Alongside these gifts, however, he inherited a more dubious birthright. Like so many members of his class in pre-Nazi Germany, his outlook was shaped by that fatal blend of nationalism and idealism which the great German Romantic philosophers and writers had bequeathed to an as yet unformed nation. Furtwängler found it hard to write a sentence about music without employing the word "deutsch"; as Prieberg points out, he did so no less than six times in a seven-line tribute to Brahms on the centenary of the composer's birth in 1933 in Vienna. Music was for him largely German music; his description of Chopin as the greatest French composer neatly encapsulated his view of French music in general. Only Germans had composed "real" symphonies. The observations on Toscanini that he confided to his journal on the occasion of the Italian conductor's visit to Berlin in 1930 similarly reveal an alarming inability to comprehend any other culture than his own, and Toscanini's triumph is attributed to the fact that in the eyes of the "left-wing" press he had the merit of not being German.

Furtwängler's idealism proved even more fatal than his nationalism. For him, the arts were a realm of their own; a "selbständige Kunstreich", far removed from the impurities of everyday existence, and in that realm he ruled as a high priest. A concert of German classical music was for him a transcendental experience, as indeed his manner of conducting indicated. With this unpromising armoury he entered into a trial of strength with the new totalitarianism.

Furtwängler regarded the Nazis with distrust in his eyes they were crude and vulgar populists. Many of his assurances of loyalty and support no doubt can be attributed to tactical motives; if he was to achieve his ends, he had to remain on speaking terms with Goering, who as Prussian prime minister was his immediate superior as long as he remained director of the Berlin State Opera, and with Goebbels, who directly controlled the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. But entries in his journals indicate that, in some respects at any rate, he welcomed the new régime, which had ended the shame of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Weimar Republic, and had brought "renewal" to Germany. He was able to use terms such as "staatsfeindliche Kulturbolschewisten" and "jüdische Kulturbolschewismus" without embarrassment. And, his support for Hindemith apart, there is little to suggest that he did not, in many respects, sympathize with Nazi attitudes to contemporary music; as late as 1947 he described atonal music as "decadent". There is also no evidence that, publicly

1936 his intervention saved the skin of a Berlin critic he had little cause to like.

As the Nazi grip on Germany became more all-embracing and after Furtwängler had himself been stripped of his public offices, his limited freedom of action diminished perceptibly. None the less, in 1937 he declined to conduct the national anthems before a concert he gave with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Paris. On another occasion he contrived to enter with his baton in his right hand to avoid giving the obligatory "German greeting" to the Führer. In 1938 he conducted the suite from Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la fée* in spite of the fact that the composer featured prominently in an exhibition of "decadent" music that was mounted that year in Düsseldorf. As late as 1943, he was in part responsible for enabling the conductor Issay Dobrowen and his family to take refuge in Sweden. He also refused to appear in a propaganda film about the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. If more Germans of



Wilhelm Furtwängler rehearsing with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; reproduced from *The Baton and the Jackboot: Recollections of musical life (1944)* by Berta Gelsmar, who had been Furtwängler's secretary.

or privately, he condemned the burning of books that Goebbels staged before the Humboldt University in Berlin in 1933. He did not oppose antisemitism in principle. Nor did he ever join any opposition group. In his general view of the world, Furtwängler faithfully reflected those *deutschnational* elements in German society which did so much to put supreme power in Hitler's ready hands.

None the less, as Prieberg makes clear, Furtwängler did more than any other German musician to challenge the dictates of the Nazis. On learning that Klemperer's name had been removed from the programme of the coming Berlin Festival, he wrote on April 7, 1933, to Goebbels. The loss of figures such as Max Reinhardt, Bruno Walter and Klemperer would, he warned the Minister for Propaganda and National Enlightenment, inevitably damage German cultural life. At the same time he embarked on a long struggle to retain the services of Jewish members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. In even more difficult circumstances after the *Anschluss*, by which time the régime had grown less cautious, he did much the same for the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. He attempted to obtain decent terms for Schoenberg after he had been dismissed from his teaching post at the Prussian Academy of the Arts. He tried to secure the reinstatement of Fritz Busch after he had been hounded out of Dresden. He had the bizarre notion of inviting Jewish soloists to take part in his Berlin concerts in 1933-34 (and was quite vexed when they declined to do so). In 1934 he conducted some of Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the 125th anniversary of the composer's birth. In

Furtwängler's eminence had done as much, the rulers of the Third Reich might have found it a good deal harder to establish their iron grip on every aspect of German life. It was not, however, for political reasons that Furtwängler felt compelled to embark on a trial of strength with the new régime. He did so because he regarded music as an independent sphere, over which he ruled. He accordingly considered it his responsibility to avert anything that would damage artistic standards. Had his idealist view of art not led him to regard it as something existing in isolation from the "real" world, he might have better understood what he was up against. In his reply to Furtwängler's protest of April 7, 1933, Goebbels made it plain that the claims of the National Socialist state were *total*. "Art", he wrote, "must not only be good, it must be rooted in the people. Art in an absolute sense, as liberal democracy knows it, is not permissible."

beholden to the authorities. But his very unawareness of the unequalness of the ensuing trial of strength made him bold in defence of musical standards.

It was, significantly, not his immediate superiors, Goering and Goebbels, but the Führer himself who finally decided that this middle-class musician, who had so singularly failed to understand his place in the New Order, had caused sufficient trouble. In July 1934 Furtwängler indicated to Goering that he proposed to give the first performance of Hindemith's opera, *Mathis der Maler*, at the Berlin State Opera. Doubtless aware of Hitler's aversion to Hindemith's music (there is, however, no evidence for the attribution of this dislike, which Prieberg repeats, to a performance of *Neues vom Tage*) Goering indicated that permission would have to be sought from on high. Furtwängler, however, was still under the illusion that his positions as Staatsrat and on the Reichsmusikkammer gave him a determining voice in musical matters. He accordingly requested an audience with the Führer, and to ensure that Hitler would have the benefit of prior notice of his views wrote an article in defence of Hindemith and "the freedom of the artistic personality", which appeared in a Berlin newspaper. Eighteen months earlier, when the régime had still been feeling its way, Goebbels had been prepared to debate the role of the arts in National Socialist society. Hitler was not so disposed. He recognized a challenge he could not accept. The audience was cancelled and Furtwängler was abruptly informed that, in order, as it was indicated, to keep matters on a "friendly" basis, he was to resign all his offices. Failing that, he would be dismissed.

Furtwängler was shattered. To the Viennese publisher, Hans Heinshemer, who saw him a few days after the blow had fallen, he seemed to have aged perceptibly. Another man might have seen that the time had come to leave. The basis of a new existence had already appeared, for within a few days after the news of his "resignation" had gone round the world, approaches had been made by the New York and Philadelphia orchestras. But Hitler, with that uncanny sense of his opponents' weakness that was part of his power, had struck at the very basis of Furtwängler's existence. He was, first and foremost, a performing artist. Without his audience, he was an unfrocked priest. And the links that bound him to his German public were too intimate, too mystical even, to be reformed on foreign soil, where he would be, not a unique figure as in his own country, but one conductor among others. He was too profoundly German in his innermost being to envisage a life outside Germany and within weeks he was looking for a way out of his difficulties. It was not hard to find the basis for a new agreement, for, once he had been subdued, the Nazi leaders had no intention of dispensing with his invaluable services. After a meeting with Goebbels, Furtwängler issued a statement in which he expressed regret for any political consequences of his article. These, he readily agreed, were a matter for the Führer alone. In April 1935 he was received by Hitler and one of his first tasks thereafter was to conduct a charity concert attended by Hitler, Goering and Goebbels.

Furtwängler's wings had been clipped. The régime paid him public honour, but he was not restored to his official position, though he remained a Staatsrat to the end. Even in the State Opera and the Philharmonie he henceforth appeared only as a guest. He continued to draw unreal distinctions between life and art, as when he more than once agreed to conduct *Die Meistersinger* on the day before the official opening of the Party Days in Nuremberg in order to avoid conducting a concert within its framework. When, exceptionally, he conducted in occupied Prague, he opened his programme with Smetana's *Vltava* as a gesture of sympathy to the Czechs. But every attempt to squeeze concessions out of the régime only emphasized the fact that he was in the final resort beholden to it. When difficulties arose between him and Tietjen at Bayreuth, or when critics displeased him, who was there to turn to but Goebbels?

That weakness became more evident after the thirty-year-old Herbert von Karajan had made his sensational debut at the Berlin State Opera with *Die Meistersinger* in October 1935.

Moments of delight

Lydia Gerend

JOANNA FIELD
A Life of One's Own
256pp. Virago. £4.50.
0 85064 821 6
An Experiment in Leisure
235pp. Virago. £4.50.
0 85064 789 9

In 1926, when she was twenty-six, Marion Milner (Joanna Field) decided something was badly wrong with her life. On the surface it seemed an enviable one; she was a professional psychologist with a good standard of living and a lively social life. But she had periods of acute anxiety, a feeling of being cut off from other people, and – most disturbing of all – a growing sense that her life was not her own. Finally, she set out to discover her true likes and dislikes and to “find a standard of values that is truly one's own and not a borrowed mass-produced ideal”. Eight years later the results appeared as *A Life of One's Own*, under the pseudonym Joanna Field, which is retained in this reissue.

Marion Milner begins by using a diary to record the things that have made her happy each day, but the first week's glennings are meagre: the sound of a piano in the distance, the splashing water in her bath, a glimpse of London rooftops, some music. She then tries free association with only slightly improved results. Gradually she realizes that the “moments of delight” come only when her conscious mind has let go, creating an emptiness into which outside impressions can flow unimpeded by reason or attention. So, she begins to look for a way of inducing and capturing these fleeting sensations, but “the more I tried to grasp, the more I felt that I was ever outside, missing things. At that time I could not understand at all that my real purpose might be to learn to have no purposes.” One reviewer of the original edition of *A Life of One's Own* compared it to a detective story, and certainly it is full of false starts and buried clues whose significance was understood only years later. Milner has also been called a mystic. This she denies, for she never forgets she is part of the twentieth-century West.

This is not new territory. Jung has been there in *Symbols of Transformation*, though with poorer prose and less humour. Recently, many have attempted the journey with drugs, and a number of cults now offer quick trips to the unconscious with happiness guaranteed. (Mrs Milner: “Happiness is not the same as pleasure; it includes the pain of losing as well as the pleasure of finding.”) Though Milner writes of “a method” which she hopes may be of use to others, what she really offers is more difficult and valuable: the experiment of one life, presented with astonishing modesty. But for those wishing to follow her example she issues a wry warning: “Let no one undertake such an experiment who is not prepared to find himself more of a fool than he thought.”

Soon after finishing *A Life of One's Own*, Milner realized she had not gone far enough and embarked on a second experiment. This time she begins with her childhood diaries and is disturbed to find that all the most resonant

entries are about nature. In foreign travels, too, it is always the primitive landscapes that move her, with the significant exception of an encounter with Navajo Indians. Where is the human in all this? Then she remembers her childhood preoccupation with witchcraft and gradually a theme of “horns and hoofs” emerges. By Chapter Five of *An Experiment in Leisure* she understands that “the time had come for me to go in deliberate search of the Devil”. What follows is a personal exploration of evil, myth and the ancient gods.

In one sense, both of these books are concerned with death. In the first Milner learns how to yield to the annihilation of the ego, risking the void. In the second she confronts “the moment of truth”, both actual and symbolic, during a Spanish bullfight. But just as annihilation of ego can lead to a joyous flooding-in of “the other”, death can be the beginning of a rebirth far removed from religion.



Olga Spassivseva and Serge Lifar in Bacchus and Ariadne, 1931, by George Hoyningen-Huene, whose work for Vogue in Paris in the 1920s and later in the 1930s for Harper's Bazaar remains influential today. This portrait is taken from William A. Ewing's The Photographic Art of Hoyningen-Huene (248pp. Thames and Hudson. £30, 0 500 541 15 9).

I thought the acceptance of the fact of death with full emotional realization, and without fear or self-protection in bitterness or cynicism, is perhaps the final test of acceptance of reality. . . . And I had guessed that if you accept the thought of death with any after-thoughts of immortality it is not a full acceptance. There must be at least one moment of complete blank extinction, a plunge into nothingness.

Marion Milner's style is wonderfully clear, and extracts from the diaries are “moments of delight” in themselves: “At the Zoo. Joy of long red legs and yellow ones, in a sudden run . . .”. And at a café in the Black Forest: “A chicken at my feet fustily crunches a blade of grass . . .”.

Artists, among others, will recognize the strange state she describes as “active passivity” or “diligent indolence” which is the prerequisite of creativity.

Mass-media missionary

John Whale

GERALD PRIESTLAND
Something Understood: An autobiography
287pp. Deutsch. £12.95.
0 233 97500 5

England has had few religious voices that could speak to the whole country. The trick had to wait for the coming of broadcasting: not so much because of broadcasting's reach as because of its non-denominationalism. In the world outside broadcasting, if you want either to dispense or to receive a religious word with any regularity you have first to choose a pulpit to speak from or sit under, a godly periodical to write for or subscribe to. You have to line up as an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, or so. But broadcasting passes across those dividing walls. It serves to show that they are being by every denomination; and they soon take on the tone of voices which acknowledge

that one denomination is as likely to be right as another.

Of the two media of broadcasting, the one better adapted to God-talk is radio. Ten years ago Gerald Priestland became the BBC's Religious Affairs Correspondent and inherited the chance to give a four-and-a-half-minute talk twice before breakfast every Saturday morning on Radio 4. He renamed it *Yours Faithfully*. In it, for five years, he reported and discussed current questions in belief and church order, or sometimes looked at a secular event, like a kidnapping, through a religious glass.

What he thought he was meant to be doing, he once said, was not judging people but trying to understand them and pass their messages on to each other. He collected these messages by travelling round churches and conferences and places where the faithful were. He was himself faithful, but with a faith which sat loose to dogma or sacerdotalism and perceived that all God-talk “must be in the nature of metaphor, poetry, myth”. He was self-deprecatory and

Down to the family

Charles Rycroft

ALICE THOMAS ELLIS and TOM PITT-AIKENS
Secrets of Strangers
216pp. Duckworth. £12.95.
0 7156 212 1 1

This is a strange, original but, I think, totally misguided book. The authors are a novelist who also writes a weekly column for the *Spectator*, and a psychoanalyst who specializes in the treatment of adolescents and delinquents. Since the first author uses her pseudonym and the delinquent and his family described in the text have, for the sake of confidentiality, been given fictitious names, it is perhaps worth mentioning that there really is a Tom Pitt-Aikens, whose qualifications and career are recorded in the *Medical Directory*.

Rather surprisingly, in view of the fact that

novel and, being surrounded by teenage children, was still fascinated by the problem of the seemingly inherent awfulness of the human race.

This passage is, incidentally, a good example of the way in which Ms Ellis intrudes herself, her personal feelings and prejudices, throughout a book whose subject-matter surely demanded that she should be self-effacing. On finishing it I felt that I knew much more about her than I did about Geoffrey, its delinquent subject, and his family.

Pitt-Aikens believes, apparently, that delinquents are the victims of intrusions into their psyches of structures which properly belong inside their parents'. As he rather curiously puts it:

It seems that the parents of delinquents have, as a result of their own deficient rearing, certain psychic deficits, some of which take up particularly shaped spaces – or “psychic holes” – which are then exploded out of the parent's psyche, invasion-like, into the psyche of another individual (in my experience often their own child).

Or as Ellis, perhaps slightly more comprehensively, puts it:

Intermittently or constantly the body of the delinquent is pervaded and run by a different spirit – the origin of this different spirit deriving from the delinquency of the grandparent, who by his dereliction of duty . . . gives rise to the non-provision of good-authority models for identification by his child – the parent of today's overt delinquent.

The precise implications of these two formulations are not explored, and it remains unclear whether either or both of the authors believe literally in spirits, or what processes they conceive to be at work that make it possible for “psychic deficits” or “spirits” to be transmitted from one generation to another. Nor indeed does the main text, which consists of the minutes of thirty-six case conferences devoted to the problems of Geoffrey, a teenager recurrently in trouble for theft, transvestism, violence and arson, plus a chatty running commentary by Ellis, really seek to demonstrate anything so dramatic. It confines itself to recording Geoffrey's misdemeanours, the baffled confusion of his parents and the various psychologists, social workers and probation officers dealing with him, and Pitt-Aikens's expositions of his conviction that the causes of Geoffrey's delinquencies were to be found in his family history.

Pitt-Aikens seems to have decided very early on that Geoffrey's behaviour was in some way the result and a re-enactment of the suicide at the age of seventeen of his father's elder brother, and of the family's failure to attach any significance to this event. It is, however, quite unclear whether Pitt-Aikens's persistent pressure on the family to contemplate this suicide – and the family history and mythology generally – had any effect on Geoffrey (who in any case only rarely attended the conferences), though it does emerge that his mother had wanted to name Geoffrey after this uncle but had been prevented from doing so by her husband. If there is anything in Dr Pitt-Aikens's thesis, the amateurish, novelesque way in which Alice Thomas Ellis tells the story does not help us to believe it.

common-sensical. He wrote out his findings in sound conversational prose, and delivered them faultlessly. His listeners were numbered in millions; his correspondents in thousands. Before he retired (early, to become an independent writer), he made a set of programmes about Christian belief called *Priestland's Progress*. Twenty thousand people wrote to him about it. Church leaders, the prisoners of their denominations, seldom make such an impact.

The random sequences of events that equipped Priestland for these tasks is set out in his autobiography, *Something Understood*. He was sent away before he was eight to a prep school, and thence to do Classics at Charterhouse; it was only after treatment for melancholia much later in life that he could forgive his parents this banishment, or himself for not having been able to forgive them. He read Modern Greek at New College, Oxford, without astonishing his tutors. (While he read his philosophy essays to Isaiah Berlin, the great man let loose clockwork penguins on the

hearthrug.) In 1949 he joined the BBC as a trainee sub-editor for radio news. In 1954 he went as the BBC's correspondent to Delhi; in 1958 to Washington, as the number-two man there; in 1960 briefly to Beirut; in 1961 to Alexandria Palace in London, to learn about television; in 1965 to Washington again, as the number-one man; and in 1969 back to London, for eight years of various kinds of news presentation and analysis. During this time, released at last from melancholia, he joined the Quakers, who are about as non-denominational a denomination as you can get; and he told a BBC hierarch he was increasingly interested in religion. The BBC made the right appointment. The man and the moment had converged.

Narrative rather than reflective, the autobiography offers few theories about the reasons for the convergence. But parts of it will be useful elements in the history of both broadcasting and religion in this country. The title is from Herbert's sonnet on prayer.

Survival values

David Chandler

SOMETH MAY
Cambodian Witness
Edited by James Fenton
287pp. Faber. £9.95.
0 371 14609 0

Something May was a student in Phnom Penh in April 1975 when Cambodian Communist forces, the so-called Khmer Rouge, burst into the city and drove two million people out of it, so ending a civil war that had ravaged the surrounding countryside since 1970. For the next four years, until the Vietnamese invasion in 1979, the Khmer Rouge administration, or Democratic Kampuchea as it called itself, tore the country apart. Perhaps a million people, or one out of every seven Cambodians – estimates vary, and this is a relatively “low” one – were executed or died of overwork, malnutrition, and untreated or misdiagnosed disease. Mr May lost ten members of his family of thirteen. *Cambodian Witness* is a limpid, passionate memoir that reveals not only what May and

millions of Cambodians endured (and what they lost) but also how the author, at least, was transformed by his experiences. He writes that the revolution forced me to become a liar, a thief, a smuggler, a classical dancer, a refugee and finally a stateless person. And now that I have survived I want to tell the story, exactly as it happened.

The phrasing here, though, is a little disingenuous. May has done much more, and something less, than tell “the story, exactly as it happened”, for in the process of writing *Cambodian Witness* he became a fluent and persuasive English author and his book is a work of art.

Soon after he crossed into Thailand in 1980, May began to work on his memoir and, according to his friend James Fenton's introduction, the process of writing it took up the next five years of his life – in England and the United States. His first hundred pages or so tell us about his cosseted childhood in Phnom Penh (apparently, he had never seen a rice-farmer until he was eleven). His parents, Cambodians from southern Vietnam (or “lower Cambodia”, as it was known in Phnom Penh), had no relatives in Cambodia, and no rural connec-

tions. When they were driven into the countryside in 1975, they entered a world which, it seems, was largely unfamiliar to them, known only from occasional picnics. Although his early years may have been less exotic and untried than May remembers, it is clear that they had provided him with no curiosity about political ideas and neither he nor his family were remotely prepared for life under the Khmer Rouge. At the same time, during those peaceful years their deep affection for each other was allowed to mature. And, in the end, this was their only weapon against the Communist régime; because of it, the Khmer Rouge failed to destroy all of them. Of course, the tranquillity of May's youth, like that of members of the Phnom Penh élites who have also written their memoirs, was to some extent based on the false assumption that the peasantry who were far poorer than he was were more or less as happy.

The crucial pages of *Cambodian Witness* deal with life in Democratic Kampuchea. The austerity, squalor, violence and injustice of these years are fastidiously presented. On the whole, May manages to achieve a certain distance; and while the narrative is told in the first person, he often gives the impression of observing himself as well as his other characters. The effect is reminiscent of Isherwood's early novels or occasionally of Denton Welch. May's final section carries him out of Cambodia into exile, first to refugee camps in Thailand, and then to the United States. His final sentence – “I had no idea where on earth I was” – completes the circle of his uprooting and transplantation.

Like another six million Cambodians, May paid an extraordinary price in order to arrive at 1980. In the following years, no longer driven by others, he drove himself to become an author in a foreign language so as to bring to life those he had lost, as well as those who, in a collective sense, were responsible for their deaths. His book is an examination of the Cambodian revolution in terms of its effects

rather than its intentions. He shows us well-fed party cadres, reports fragments of meaningless speeches, and gives many examples of random cruelty, and more rarely, random kindness. No social theories sustained him under the Khmer Rouge, and he has no coherent social theories now; like most of us, he lives by values, memories, preferences and affections. His failure to understand (or even to contemplate) what the Khmer Rouge had in mind without doubt helped him to survive their assault on his personality.

Because millions of Cambodians were so unresponsive to Communist imperatives (or Vietnamese imperatives today), preferring their “merely personal values”, it seems that they have been able, in some ways, to transcend the laws of history. They have succeeded in bypassing revolutions, which run counter to the imperatives of everyday life. For these reasons, while *Cambodian Witness* is understandably melancholy and often bitter, it is also triumphant, a chronicle of a victorious, post-revolutionary people.

My only reservation has to do with the extent of Mr Fenton's contribution. In his introduction, he says that he was “directly involved in reshaping the already rich material” in the final stages, and one would sometimes like to know who was responsible for particular metaphors and vignettes. When, for example, May compares a cratered field to “one of those baking tins for individual Yorkshire puddings” one cannot but imagine Fenton at his elbow, but such moments are infrequent. Whatever Fenton may have done to (or for) the manuscript, *Cambodian Witness* has a remarkably consistent point of view. Perhaps a dozen end-notes, clarifying the throw-away historical and geographical references, would be helpful to non-specialists, and future editions could particularly include a map of May's movements during 1975 to 1979.

But this is a highly disciplined book. It retains the directness of a *cri de coeur*. As a survivor's testament, it is very fine indeed.

THE TIMES

Book brain teasers



1. How did the night valet cope with the Battle of Wagram? And what had these two to do with it?
2. How were this man's elegies celebrated in ale?
3. Who is this and how did he distinguish antique demons?

If you can answer these questions, don't miss *The Times* Prize Christmas Quiz on December 24. It is designed to test your general knowledge on every conceivable subject – and there's champagne in store for the winners



... and regularly in *The Times*, Peter Ackroyd (left) on books, Bernard Levin on the way we live now, Suzy Menkes on fashion, Kenneth Fleet on finance, Irving Wardle on the theatre, Frances Gibb on the law, Paul Griffiths on music, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, Clifford Longley on the Church, Philip Howard on words, David Robinson on the cinema . . . and much more each week

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

of Chapman's Homer. The translation literally translated Keats, making him travel as metaphor must; Porter's experience too, buying the book for 5p at a village fête, is to be transported from that cosy English setting to the primitive husbandry of smallholders in the south – "yes, Australians are Boeotians". Malouf's poem "Reading Horace Outside Sydney, 1970" begins by conceding that the literary perspective warps reality. "The distance is deceptive", but it exists to create and to equalize two separate distances, one spatial, the other temporal. Sydney, obscured in the heat haze, is thirty miles away, Rome two thousand years off, but Malouf by means of the book is equidistant from them, and from the vertically distant Cessna biplane which, "croplusting lucerne", reviews the landscape with a meditative superciliousness like his own. Malouf has taken Horatian Rome with its embattled empire as a metaphor for Sydney, where decline and fall are charted by the noiseless crash of mineral stocks.

Down under the rest of the world, Australia metamorphosed reality by turning that world upside down. Its settlement coincided with Romanticism, and its early literature treats the country as an antipodean inversion of European Romantic faith. The numinous, spooky Gothicism of the north was rediscovered in the remote south. Marcus Clarke, in a preface to Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems, argued that nightmarish Australia might have been hallucinated by Poe: the "dominant note" of its scenery is "Weird Melancholy"; the bush is "funereal, secret, stern". The self-deceptive manufacture of Arcady, Boeotia or Rome is undermined by an eldritch grotesquerie. The topography is that of suffering. Explorers name peaks after the bottomless depths of their gloom – Mount Misery, Mount Despair. The cockatoos shriek "like evil souls", and Clarke recites the legend of the Bunyip as if it were one of the traumatic Highland superstitions in Collins's ode. This is also the deviant nature whittled into aborted shapes inside Christabel's house or in Dickens's jungly London: a "fantastic land of monstrosities".

Australia's physical symbolism is gnarled and knotted, an idiom of irregular, unclassical form. Clarke refers to the "hieroglyphs of haggard gum-trees", and the suspicion persists that Australia is a cabalistic text, hinting at arcane meanings and encoding the secrets of a geographical underworld. A. L. Gordon in his turn proposes that the eucalypt trunks have been "carved like weird columns Egyptian / With curious device, quaint inscription, / And hieroglyph strange"; Henry Lawson describes the bush as "nurse and tutor of eccentric minds, home of the weird", while George Gordon McCrae hears there the "death-like Silence of Despair". Dorothea MacKellar's patriotic hymn "My Country" notices terror as well as beauty: "The stark white ring-barked forests, / All tragic to the moon". For Douglas Stewart, this is a haggard Gothic landscape under pitiless Mediterranean skies: "So much horror in the clear Australian sunlight" Patrick White surveys a sublime mental desert which he calls "the Great Australian Emptiness", as maddening as the white void is for Melville's Ahab. In Peter Carey's story about the windmill, reality has been abstracted by a dazzling light, and "everything looks like one of those colour photographs he took in Washington, overexposed and bleached out", unreadable because featureless.

Hazlitt's theory of poetry argued that Romanticism was the mind's extinction of nature. Poetry had begun in the enjoyment of bodily vitality, energizing the world in epic similes like Homer's; its long career ended, Hazlitt believed, with Wordsworth and Coleridge miserably traversing an earth deadened by their solipsism, visiting the grave-sites of defunct feelings. Australian history turns Hazlitt's myth into a fact. One civilization is interred so another can build on its remains; the land is a storied crypt. The Australian natives, like Hazlitt's primordial epic poets, had endowed every rock and water-hole with significance and sanctity. When they were driven off or killed, their tumuli were robbed of meaning. To the aboriginal, Ayers Rock is a geological cathedral. For the white man, it is reduced to a photo-opportunity (or a place made infamous by a dingo's crime). Nan McDonald's "Burragorang" describes this desecration, like the

ruining of Margaret's cottage in *The Excursion* or the decay of Tintern Abbey:

... the tribes ... melted away
... with the songs they sang
And their dances, leaving a little ash and silence
About the sacred stones of Burragorang;

and C. J. Koch, on a shelly beach, guiltily senses the relics of "the dead and gone Tasmanian dark men" shattering under his feet, smells decay, and hears the cawing curse of a sea-bird.

Now, there are two Australias: MacKellar's "sunburnt country", populated by surfers, boozers and the bovine grazers of Peter Kocan's poem ("A miracle / Of normalcy is a cow's mind"); opposed to it, the heart of darkness mapped by the critic H. P. Heseltine, bristling with denuded trees like those described by Henry Handel Richardson when Maurice Guest dies – "a continent", as Heseltine puts it, "literally capable of driving its inhabitants insane". Les A. Murray's "An Absolutely Ordinary Rainbow", included by Leonie Kramer and Adrian Mitchell, emphasizes the disaffection which hurts Australians into poetry. A man weeps inexplicably in a Sydney street, causing scandalized crowds to gather and traffic to pile up; he dares to be unhappy and unsatisfied in the land of glut. Murray's "Equanimity", which he chooses for his own anthology, abolishes that pastoral folly which replaced the indigenous meanings scorched and scurped from Australia by the colonists: "there are no Arcadias" – except those on sale in Susan Hampton's "The Fire Station's Delight", where The Alternative Grass Centre displays a shaved, manicured acreage of All Purpose Super-grass Carpet Turf. Gary Catalano in his "Australia" remains appalled: "How terrible it is!"

Since Australia has stood the world on its head, its poetry inherits a scrambled array of disjected images, as incongruous as the cards in the Tarot pack. The puzzle is to determine what those images refer to; to improvise a system which might account for these stranded metaphors and left-over, damaged symbols. James McAuley, evoking the "mythical Australia" of the voyager Quiros, defines it as "your land of similes"; Randolph Stow declares that "what, in the end, I see in Australia ... is an enormous symbol". McAuley's geography of metaphor resurrects the old icons of religious assurance, catholic in their global relevance. The cockatoo, for him as for Marcus Clarke, "screams with demoniac pain", but elsewhere there are serene remonstrances to faith: the pollen of wattle inseminates "the doubting heart", the angophora "preaches ... / With the gestures of Moses". McAuley reads the orchards of the Huon Valley in Tasmania as a Keatsian granary, harvesting moral fruits ("Life is full of returns"); the proximity of a sports field and an old folk's home in suburban Hobart comfortably medievalizes society, as both ages of man conjoin "in the same picture-book of hours".

The landscape must be argued into significance. "Here is the symbol", says Judith Wright of a cliff called Nigger's Leap, which recalls her to "a time for synthesis". Her poem works out an accord between historical guilt and compassionate fellow-feeling, treating

suicide as a merger with Jung's oceanic life:

Night floods us suddenly as history
that has sunk many islands in its good time.

With the same metaphoric mobility, Wright can repatriate the driver of an outback bullock-train to the terrain of the Old Testament:

The prophet Moses feeds the grape,
and fruitful is the Promised Land.

A. D. Hope's poem "Australia" longs for such symbolic progeny. "If still from the deserts prophets come", McAuley, however, admits that the quest for meanings is urgent precisely because they're so sparse and tenuous. Remembering a childish fascination with a wistaria vine, he reflects

The soul must feed on something for its dreams
In those brick suburbs, and there wasn't much:
It can make do with little, so it seems.

Despite its flimsiness, he poetically nourishes the growth as one more testament to faith, and it soon garlands an iconographic altar with "crossed flags at the back", poised "between the brass cross and the Union Jack". McAuley's effort is the fabrication of symbolism; the duty of Stow's missionary Heriot in *To the Islands* is iconoclasm, destroying a symbolic fiction which lies between him and the nothingness of the land. Heriot breaks his crucifix and decides, dying in the wilderness, that "my soul is a strange country" – an internal Australia, dangerously vacant and inimical, still imponderable to him.

Australia wills a literature into existence. The critic P. R. Stephenson warned that without it, the country "remains a colony, no nation". The invention demands a return to origins. Since Australia began the world over again – whether in the fragrant felicity of Gilmore's paradise or by the guilty fall from grace suffered by the convicts – its literature also reverts to primitive beginnings. "They call her a young country, but they lie", said Hope, for whom Australia was ancestral, atavistic; and the literature of the new land is likewise elderly, resorting to forms outgrown centuries ago in Europe. In the two centuries covered by these anthologies, Australia impatiently works through a literary history which in England extends across a thousand years. The formal plot of that literature proceeds from primitive, belligerent epic by way of itinerant, exploratory romance to a modern, minimal pastoral, making do with an exiguous landscape – Douglas Stewart listening to the cracked earth "stammer ... its broken phrases", Harold Stewart scrutinizing surf and deciphering "narcotic scriptures on the surge", C. E. W. Bean interpreting the geological tragedies of an eroded red desert, E. G. Moll pitying "the lesser music of the grass".

Australian epic is the song of hardihood and muscular vigour. The wild bush horse in Banjo Paterson's "The Man from Snowy River" is a Homeric steed which "snuffs the battle with delight"; in "Father Riley's Horse" he describes some boisterous equestrian funeral games which might have happened in the camp of Achilles. The anonymous ballad about "The Bastard from the Bush" – illicitly circulated among Australian schoolboys in my youth, now granted literary respectability in Murray's

anthology – treats the wrath of epic heroism with foul-mouthed comic glee. The eponymous bastard vows to "knock a fucking house down!" and to "dong a bloody copper if [he] caught the cunt alone". The tradition persists into the present: Shane McAuley's poem about a two-up school on Anzac Day sees the gamblers as ancient warriors and athletes, noting "The atmosphere of the tribal cave, both / Ritual and game", the spinner twirling coins with the concentration of a javelin-thrower.

After these epic jousts, rehearsing bodily strength and skill, come the mentally nimble heroes of romance, fantasists and devious fictioneers. Sinnett believed that "the natural and external circumstances of Australia partake much more of what we used to call romance than those of England", but the romancing is expressed as cheerful mendacity: the "yarns" of the swagsman, called by the journalist W. A. J. Boyd "a liar of the most stupendous magnitude"; more recently, the trickery of Peter Carey's "lilywhacker".

Beyond this, the literature of modern Australia remains grounded in pastoral, even when its landscapes are soiled or parodic, like the Great War trenches of Frederic Manning, "endless lanes sunk in the clay" – a cruel replica of the English countryside, a muddy subterranean garden where naive young Australia lost its innocence. A. D. Hope, quoting Wordsworth, has commented on the Australian novel's abiding predilection for "humble and rustic life". Where else could a great modernist produce a work like Patrick White's weather-beaten bucolic idyll *The Tree of Man*? Furnley Maurice messily democratizes the Wordsworthian pastoral in "The Victoria Markets Recollected in Tranquillity", with its cornucopia of skinned rabbits and water-melons dispensed "from Earth's mothering soul". A poem by Francis Letters describes a mute inglorious Australian Milton, to whom the muses have given "everything but song". That disabled poet is nourished into eloquence by an edible pastoral abundance: "Milton became melons" in Kenneth Slessor's "Five Bells", and a tropical rhapsody by Richard Tipping's reconstitutes the lush Marvellian garden – "mangoes are a positive good in the world / mangoes like poetry".

H. P. Heseltine claims for Australia a uniquely modern literature, sceptical about social membership and plagued by existentialist cliff-hanging. "Men write poems in Australia", as Slessor conjectures in *Five Visions of Captain Cook*, as a defiant affront to a deranging reality. To me, on the evidence of these anthologies, Australian literature seems more hearteningly traditional. Though Heseltine (in an essay included by Kramer and Mitchell) disparages the nineteenth century's fondness for "sociable yarning", those tales round the camp-fire make up a collaborative narrative, a sacred circle of story-telling inside which a home-grown literature can help men share and overcome their fears. This is the motive of Banjo Paterson, to whom Clancy of the Overflow writes "with a thumb-nail dipped in tar". The Man from Snowy River is immortalized by recitation: he's "a household word today, / And the stockmen tell the story of his ride".

In Rosemary Dobson's "Country Press" that bardic, mnemonic function has been assumed by the rural newspaper, in whose roll-call of the race she wants to be entered: typesetting her own obituary, she asks

Schoolboy, I watched his ballading begin:
Billy and bullocky and billabong.
Our properties of childhood, all were in.

In Rosemary Dobson's "Country Press" that bardic, mnemonic function has been assumed by the rural newspaper, in whose roll-call of the race she wants to be entered: typesetting her own obituary, she asks

When I shall die
Set me up close against my fellow-men ...
I shall go home towards the Western Star;

and James McAuley calls the love of his parents as reliably "daily as the Sydney Morning Herald". To paraphrase Slessor, men write poems in Australia to feel at home there, not to estrange themselves by force, as Heseltine demajors when he calls for a literature to face "the primal heart of the matter". Writing, after clothes and architecture, is the best defence.

Kramer and Mitchell are non-committal editors, confining their interpretative command to a few sections of historical synopsis. Their choices are unadventurous, and on occasion wastefully casual: McAuley's "Pieta" shows up twice. The novelists are poorly served. These editors prefer short stories to extracts from longer works, so Henry Handel Richardson and Patrick White are not represented at their best. When an extract from a novel does appear, the selection can seem capricious. From Koch's *The Doubleman*, a meditation on the mystery of Australia as a sinister Spenserian fairyland, Kramer and Mitchell withdraw a self-contained but unimportant account of a radio broadcast. The drama – which from Ray Lawler to David Williamson has been an arena for the exhibition of Australia's slangy, explosive rhetoric – is altogether ignored.

Murray at least can't be accused of blandness. He's aware that the anthology is a polemical form, aggressively revising literary history by dismissive omissions and startling inclusions. Murray's editorial ideology is matly democratic, nationalistic and republican. He decries the "class distinction ... between vernacular and pukka verse", and ushers in the anonymous songs of settlers and miners along with the suburban doggerel of Dame Edna Everage. He mistrusts the yearning Anglophilia which has been the refrain of so much Australian poetry. The moral of his anthology is summed up in a poem of Geoffrey Dutton's, describing his rejection of "Austroenglish" gentility: "here / It is we live, unless we pretend, or run away". British encroachments are resisted under the banner of Henry Lawson's seditious birthday ode to Victoria, the old, cold, callous, dull and selfish "woman whom the English call 'the Queen'".

Murray's most abiding grudge concerns the linguistic usurpation of the natives. One of his own poems, selected by Kramer and Mitchell, remembers the colonizing conquest:

The Governor proffers cloth and English words,
the tribesmen defy in good Dhurruwal.

Thereafter, as the noble savages are expelled, "the age of unnoticed languages begins". Murray makes reparation by honouring the chants of the aboriginals, and his anthology works out an agenda of historical vengeance. Its first poem is a reverie about the eternity known to the aboriginals as Dreamtime, recounted by Sam Woolagoodjah and solemnizing the native's incorporation in his natal earth. "They are with us in the land", the poem says of "the first ones ... those of long ago". This act of consecration, inheriting "all the land, all the land", is followed at once by Barron Field's quizzing of the paradoxical kangaroo. The black birds sagely allocate meanings to their terrain ("these rocks are Wandjinas"); the English newcomer is bemused by the fantastic unreality of a beast "beyond ev'n Nature's art". The last poem in the book completes the cycle by exterminating the white race of invaders: it is Richard Allen's "Epitaph for the Western Intelligentsia".

In practice, there are problems. More than a "class distinction" divides the cultivated literary art of the Europeans from the oral spells, runes and genealogies of the blacks; the latter remain mostly incomprehensible (since Murray on principle supplies no explanatory notes), and in translation, without the ceremonial support of music and dance, sound too often like the spurious archaizing of *Hiawatha*. As the critic Alec King puts it, in an essay included by Kramer and Mitchell, "the only really authentic Australian poetry" is "totally unintelligible to all but a handful of white Australians". But Murray's restitution of what he calls "the senior culture" does explain the anxiety of imagination recurrent in the other anthology. Like the first settlers, Australians still camp at the edge of the unknown, hoping for literature to subdue or befriend their world. The heroine of Elizabeth Harrower's story, arriving on her holiday island, finds a library inexplicably left behind in the house. But what use is it? "Books seemed peculiarly irrelevant on this remote hillside ... the island had an ancient, prehistoric, undiscovered air. The alphabet had yet to be invented." Australia, however, has managed that feat, inventing the alphabet anew and manufacturing from it a literature which hopes to justify the ways of man to earth.

Michael O'Neill

IAN CRICHTON SMITH
A Life
64pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £4.95.
0856356441

"If everything is contingent / how can the poem / be made necessary?" A shade pseudo-philosophical, its lineation chopped-up, this question from the final section of *A Life* does not show Iain Crichton Smith's accomplished formal skills at their surest. But the lines reveal a self-consciousness which saves what the blurb calls a "verse autobiography" from falling into the anecdotal. Crichton Smith shapes his seemingly loose sequences into an impressively organized long poem. At times the thematic design of *A Life* is more compelling than its verbal detail: "Its transient images are what etch and burn. / And in the cafe a small radio plays. / Everything passes, everything is weighed / with a random music, heartbreakingly sweet". This attempt to underscore the overall celebration of the "contingent" earns its

Elegy and affirmation

Neil Corcoran

PETER SCUPHAM
Out Late
62pp. Oxford University Press. £4.95.
0192819739

Peter Scupham's has always been a poetry in which a relish for precision and exactness of sensuous detail has been shadowed by the long perspectives of history and prehistory, of transience and mutability. The labour and care (and the occasional over-ingenuity) of his traditional metres and forms has sometimes

seemed a scrupulous, intent self-protection against the violence, unpredictability and terror of existence; and the predominant mood of the poetry has been a kind of fastidious melancholy. These procedures can make for a certain monotony, portentousness and insubstantiality, a sometimes almost Nineties-ish plainness in which the absence of any recognized social world is marked and debilitating. Some of Scupham's poems have struck their notes of plangency and lament a little too easily, occasionally seeming like Geoffrey Hill without the anguish and contortion.

The preoccupations of the new book, *Out Late*, are continuous with those of earlier volumes: it is a book full of darkness and woodland, ghosts and bad dreams, deaths and resurrections, never straying far from what its open terrain, dedicated to Geoffrey Grigson, calls the "parish of the dead". Death, indeed, is everywhere in the book; there is a Hardy-esque

Meaning from the land

Simon Rae

KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND
Waterslain and Other Poems
64pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.
0091642914

Kevin Crossley-Holland's new book of poems is divided into two parts. The first consists of the cycle which gives its name to the collection as a whole, describing the life of a village on the north Norfolk coast. The second, "Coming Home", is devoted to domestic concerns, childhood memories and historical re-creations.

Crossley-Holland's imagination has consistently shown itself to be rooted in the distant past and the Viking north, drawing on the grim fatalism of Old English poems such as "The Wanderer". Norfolk, too, has attracted his attention as a poet before. In 1970 he published a pamphlet, *Norfolk Poems* (with photographs by John Hedgecoe), later incorporated into his first full collection, *The Rain-Giver* (1972). These poems were sparsely populated, and generally took the form of a reflective eye / "I" surveying a given landscape. The new poems in *Waterslain* are very different. Although description is given its place – the first poem,

place in the story at the cost of the poetry: the lines talk about but fail to evoke an effect which is "heartbreakingly sweet". For all his trust in the repetition of key terms, Crichton Smith lacks Larkin's ability (compare "the unique random blend / Of families and fashions" in "Ambulances") to stir an abstract word like "random" to its depths; in *A Life* his desire to wed permanence and flux, to attend to "The constant lyric of the possible" is more plausibly conveyed through images: "and the world a skirt / turning a corner / altering plent by plent / its breezy sculpture".

That final phrase obeys W. C. Williams's prescription – "through metaphor to reconcile / the people and the stones" – in order to resolve the contradictions which nag at the poet's conscience, sometimes over-obsessively: "How reconcile / the market to the library, the till / to strict Lucretius?" Many poems pit oppositions against one another: religious repression and natural abundance, exile from and return to "the island, complex thing", bookishness and life, "garish ads" and "the spirit". "Tattooed arms" and "the Forms". This tactic can grow predictable, as in the class stereotyping of these lines from a poem about National

variety of morbidity and obsession (the "bright things for a late tea" in "Green" and the "bright things" that "come and go" in "Hour-glass" clearly remember the "brightest things that are theirs" at the end of "During Wind and Rain", and wind and rain are also the constant weathers of *Out Late*). The book derives its title from a moving translation of Martial mourning the slave-child Erotion:

Take your best care of her,
So small, and out so late,
Lost, scared of the night
And slaving Cerberus
Gaping his monstrous jaws.

Being "out late" is, therefore, being dead; and the simple human tenderness of those lines may indicate how the best of this book is more relaxed, approachable and intimate than the poetry of Scupham's more hieratic modes. The pressure of mortality is felt in these poems as a Larkinesque "sharp tender shock", and the theme seems not obtrusive but intrinsic. The volume's many ghosts (the country people whose "signs" are discovered under the garden soil; a "genius loci"; the dead of the Second World War; the inanimate objects which survive their loving owners; all the "returning dead" who can be sensed as a pressure within the living body) are encountered in poems which sustain feelings of personal loss, but also of restoration.

Bringing the dead back into language and form "out of cold air" (as "Cat's Cradle" puts it) is a consolatory act of retrieval: in Scupham, elegy is itself ghosted by affirmation. "Boy 1"

"Lifetime", opens: "Between skywide fields / shadow-ribbed, / crammed with wurzel and beet, / and the salt-quarters' shine and shift, / this lifelong earthwork stands" – the main focus of the poems is the personalities of those living in and around the village: Mrs Riches Diz, Billy, Bodge, Shuck, Beachcomber, Mason, Vic, Miss Queen, Old Lag. Snippets of gossip, oracular sayings and elliptical monologues make up a compelling community of disparate voices, given an underlying structure by the thread of personal memory (Crossley-Holland spent much of his boyhood in the place).

Here is Mrs Riches in the village store, "horn-rified / leaning right across her counter":
"Folke at Heatham
and Wilkie's houseboat wedged
up East Haddon Way
and that owl MTB
dumped on the quay at Wells
and in the sandbags
and first owl Arthur knew was water
through his keyhole ..."

No tale, not even this,
quite all told
in this spiced corner of paradise,
the bell always being rung.

"Coming Home" contains some fine, quiet celebrations of married life; "Preparatory

Service: "The plumber's mate was reading *Dracula*. / The public schoolboy casually turned a page / of *Murder in the Cathedral*". More successful are poems which allow for finer relationships than that of contrast, as in the second poem of the opening section, where Crichton Smith interweaves past and present, love and grief with lyrical tact: "All day she sleeps but often in the night / she calls on her dead mother, her live son. / Her pills and bottles shine in the harvest moon". The poem neither exploits nor glosses over a painfulness which its closing images transcend in lines that know they are wish-fulfilling: "And the daffodils / spring upward once again behind her heels. / The hills are cardboard blue, the skies are red".

Here, as in the subtle pair of poems at the start of the "Aberdeen University" section, Crichton Smith uses rhyme to point up richly complicated states of feeling – states in which the poetry is alive both to the beauty of what is "glittering and transient" and to moments when "Some wound within me bleeds and bleeds and bleeds". *A Life* is an ambitious, intermittently rewarding depiction of "the private and the general at play".

finds one of the book's most successful images for this when it releases, in a characteristically epiphanic conclusion, an instance of "what lasts for ever" ("not hands of angels, / Or the great God-face").

In this long pause between the tick and tock Of a simple clock whose hands refuse to move, His hands, too, are corners and old roses. Spreading their webs of blood against the sun.

There is, nevertheless, still persistent in *Out Late* a straining away from such particularities and intensities towards a grander, more comprehensive rhetoric. The lengthy sequence at its centre, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", moves in and out of Shakespeare's play, in alternating lyric and discursive sections, to focus Scupham's own preoccupations. The performance is elaborate, ornate and mannered. It sophisticatedly acknowledges its own artifice and play with pastiche ("We die into and across your voices", one of the lyrics has it); and style could be regarded, I suppose, as the crucial point at which a poet encounters his ghosts. Although the lyrics have their traditional English graces, however, I am not at all sure what to make of the discursive sections, which adopt their archaic manners ("I walked in the astonishing light of trees; / A tenant only of their close estate") to no very obvious purpose. Waking out of this dream of style, Scupham offers more explicit pastiches in a humorous sequence towards the book's close, "The Poets Call on the Goddess Echo". They are all very good indeed, and two of them (the Stevens and the Cummings) hilarious.

"School" reaches back to a boyhood of head-mastery "backhanders", bullying, and (a clinching detail) humiliation on the cricket field – "the scoreboard showing the whole team / out for 13". "Orkney Girls" adds to Crossley-Holland's already impressive tally of historical resurrections, and other poems continue the poet's attempt to wrest a personal meaning from places visited or returned to, from the processes of the land, and from language itself.

Numbers 1, the first issue of a new poetry magazine, has just been published (Volume 1: Autumn 1986, 96pp). The editors, John Alexander, Alison Rimmer, Peter Robinson and Clive Wilmer, write: "Naturally, our tastes and interests diverge but ... what we do have in common, apart from our attachment to the art of verse-writing, is a conviction that the future of poetry will be served less by dogma or ideological ardour than by an openness to the range of what is being written today, provided it is written with skill and passion and intelligence." The first issue contains work by Thom Gunn, Elaine Feinstein, Seamus Heaney, Nicole Ward Jouve, Vittorio Sereni and others. *Numbers* costs £20 (or \$30) for the first six issues, post free; or £3.95 per copy plus 60p postage and packing, from *Numbers*, 6 Kingston Street, Cambridge CB1 2NU.

Behind the lines

Lorna Sage

After being blithely weeded out of the Arts Council's *Glory of the Garden* on the grounds that writing was "privatized" by nature, literature is making a cautious comeback. The South Bank Board (a new Council branch) is already advertising for a Literature Director, and it has also been quietly decided to appoint another to the central post so noisily vacated by Charles Osborne a year ago (see *Giving it Away: Memoirs of an uncivil servant* reviewed in the *TLS*, October 31). The Literature Panel (most of them post-*Glory*, post-1984) have been working on a written constitution for themselves, spelling out a policy that they hope will "raise the national profile for literature" and counterbalance the dispersal of funds to the regions. The recent transformation of the National Book League into the Book Trust gives them some room for manoeuvre, since the Trust will be able (at least in theory) to raise money for itself, and in any case will not be entitled to an automatic jump sum from Literature's limited budget. On the other hand, there's a certain contradiction between the de-nationalizing of books and the moves to re-nationalize literature. Which is perhaps why the panel are proceeding discreetly, making out a lower-case for public support, national with a small "n". It's not as though literature ever accounted for a large slice of the Arts subsidy (1.5 per cent pre-*Glory*); the difficulty lies rather in the smallness of the sums involved and the indecent directness with which they were handed out - those writers' bursaries given to individuals to buy time. Maureen Duffy (herself a Panel member from 1975 to 78, and also a recipient of bursaries) argued in a piece in the *New Statesman* a couple of weeks ago that it was confusion over this particular issue that brought the whole notion of subsidizing literature into disrepute: if you believe that "the best" identified themselves given time, that talent will out and so forth, then obviously subsidies (except in the case of "minorities" and disadvantaged groups) make no sense. However, if you think that any agreed canon itself reflects "minority" taste (Ms Duffy doesn't exactly say this, but it is what she implies) then you are going to see subsidies not

just as a way of equalizing opportunities, but as a way of changing the goals, entertaining mutually exclusive values at the same time and for the foreseeable future. On this view, national funding is precisely what rescues us from the tyranny of shared assumptions and market forces.

The present chairman of the Literature Panel, Dr Robert Woof (reader in English Literature at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne) is not in the business of highlighting contradictions. Under his guidance the Panel has produced a carefully pragmatic point-by-point refutation of *Glory*'s three main arguments: the commercial publishing industry is not going to be able to "take continual risks", given that the up-market sector's profits are very low; literature may be a "basic ingredient in the school curriculum" but provision of books for English teaching has declined in recent years, adding to the danger that imaginative literature will be squeezed out by the stress on technical and vocational skills; public libraries are spending a lot less, and have anyway no particular brief for literature (the notion that librarians incline to be "literary" is quite mistaken, Dr Woof thinks - these days they're not even bookish, much more likely to be computer buffs). The tone is almost immoderately moderate: "We need to be convincing on the rightness of the cause, otherwise we deserve to fail." None the less there's a significant shift. For one thing, the argument is conducted in terms of literature's needs, not in terms of job creation or "investment".

And the bursaries are back, along with plans to encourage the development of a National Literature Centre on the South Bank. Dr Woof (who is also honorary secretary and treasurer of the Dove Cottage Trust) points to another innovation - the proposal that the Council should take responsibility for events in literary museums and writers' memorial houses. Which may endear him to the heritage lobby, and take the edge off his more radically revisionist proposals.

★ ★ ★

It has been rumoured round at the Arts Council that Kenneth Baker the new (well, newish)

Secretary of State for Education, has published slim volumes himself - but no, though he has edited a couple of poetry anthologies for Methuen, one of "satirical and abusive verse". *I Have No Gun But I Can Spit* (1980), the other (1982) called *London Lines*, and confesses to being a book collector. He too has recently announced that he plans to set up a high-level independent committee to "recommend what pupils should know about the English language" (another rumour claims that Iris Murdoch turned down the chairmanship which now goes to Randolph Quirk). Mr Baker used the occasion of the Alan Palmer lecture at Pangbourne College in Berkshire, back in November, to describe the kind of advice he expects from his committee: how much formal grammar should be taught, how reading at home should be encouraged (and TV rationed), whether learning poetry by heart shouldn't be restored to its old pride of place in the methodology, and (most controversial) "lists of the sort of books or authors which children should be able to read and understand at particular ages and levels of achievement" - "for example, in the case of children of average ability: *Animal Farm* by age twelve or *David Copperfield* by age fifteen . . .". There is also a stab at the kind of contemporary canon Mr Baker would like to see taught - "John le Carré, Iris Murdoch, John Fowles and Beryl Bainbridge". The speech is remarkable for its combination of Victorian values and modernist angst ("wrestling . . . to carve some meaning out of absurdity") and the way it occupies simultaneously the neutral ground (linguistic competence) and the high ground ("respect for the right words in the right order"). Mr Baker makes his political points with a special kind of literary slyness - for instance, the television adaptation of *Bleak House* is gently deplored for missing out Mrs Jellyby ("one of my favourite comic characters") who, we are reminded, neglected her own children to devote herself to collecting money for Africa.

English teachers' organizations are biding their time, and haven't officially responded to Mr Baker's doubled-edged blandishments. If such lists are laid down, said a member of the central committee of the National Association of Teachers of English gloomily, their main use

will probably be to defend schools against the neo-Christian censorship that is already rife in the United States, and that cannot be trusted not to ban Dickens, let alone Fowles or Bainbridge.

★ ★ ★

One of the quaintest forms of literary enterprise is the "how to" book: Samuel Smiles making a living out of writing about how to succeed . . . Jeffrey Archer writing his first bestseller about how he failed in business. "How to" books about writing are even odder, since they short-circuit the whole process. Gordon Wells in *Writers' Questions Answered* (144pp. Allison and Busby. Paperback, £3.95, 0 85031 759 2) acknowledges disarmingly from the start that "there are few best-sellers in the 'how to' or 'personal experience' fields of writing", before proceeding to give brief and brisk advice arranged alphabetically under headings like "Confessions", "Kill fees", "Rejection", and "Rights". One point of a "how to" book is to make the would-be writer feel professional, at least in the sense of knowing the answer to questions like "what is FBSR?"

Finding out whether you have any talent at all is a lot harder. Jan Sieglar, who set up an "authors' advisory service" in 1972, mainly for people referred to her by the Society of Authors, offers advice on just that, "holding the mirror up to reluctant writers". Ms Sieglar, who was Faber's reader back in the T. S. Eliot days, when she took first sampling of everything that came in (except the poetry), and who has worked over the years for Hutchinson, Gollancz and Bodley Head, will do a professional critique of a novel (plus a synopsis to prove that she has read the whole thing) for £50 (corrections extra). She also has a side line in rejecting manuscripts by publishers' friends, when she produces two reports (the second, for the friend, "padded out with kindness"), and an economy service for the truly penniless. She has sometimes recommended much-rejected writers to take up sailing or knitting instead - or indeed, to take up writing "how to" books about sailing, or knitting. (Authors' Advisory Service, 21 Camden Grove, Kensington, London W8 4JG.)

Sales of books and manuscripts

H. R. Woudhuysen

The enormous prices paid for paintings on the London auction market recently should not obscure some of the interesting developments during the past few weeks in the sales of books and manuscripts. The willingness of dealers and collectors to pay for what they want, and their reluctance to risk money on material that is already familiar or whose status is not absolutely clear, have been striking. The great surprise of Sotheby's sale of Continental Printed Books, Manuscripts and Music on November 27 and 28 (see *TLS*, November 21), was the fifteenth-century book book of the *Biblia Pauperum* which the Duke of Northumberland had sent for sale. Here was a book of thirty-seven leaves (out of forty), produced in the North Netherlands c1460, by no means common, but not unique: Sotheby's estimated that it would go for £50,000 at most - in the event this relic of the Middle Ages, which was designed to teach Christianity in its simplest form, went for £135,000 to Tenenicht. On the other hand, the short run of five lots of early Communist classics found only one buyer, with Heerle paying under the pre-sale estimate for a first edition of Engels's *Die Lage der arbeitende Klasse in England*, Leipzig 1848, inscribed by Ludwig Kugelmann to Jenny Marx (estimate £2,000-£2,500).

The Bibliothèque Nationale, which is prepared to spend money on what it feels is of national importance, bought the manuscript of part of Simione de Beauvoir's *Les Mandarins* for £4,000, a thousand less than its lower estimate. Prices for the Continental literary manuscripts were on the whole rather disappointing with several lots failing to find buyers. The music made just over half of the million pounds or so which the sale fetched, with the autograph manuscript of Mahler's *Lieder eines*

fahrenden Gesellen going for £180,000 to Haas, against an estimate of £140,000-£160,000. The manuscript of the *Totenfeier* of the Second Symphony was unsold at £130,000 in the auction, but was bought after the sale by a private collector: it was expected to go for between £140,000 and £180,000. One other item in this part of the sale did particularly well: it was the autograph manuscript of Strauss's song "Der Arbeitsmann" in a little-known version for voice and orchestra which, perhaps because it has only been known to the most recent of Strauss scholars and was fresh on the market, made £22,000 to Maguire against a pre-sale estimate of £8,000-£10,000.

The pattern of prices and purchasers at auctions in the first week of December (see *TLS*, November 28) was equally unexpected. Generally the star items in Sotheby's Western Manuscripts and Miniatures sale on December 2 made respectable prices, but the middle-range manuscripts, unfamiliar to dealers and collectors, did very well. The Boucicault Hours, which had been estimated to make about a quarter of a million pounds, in the end went for £180,000; the next best price in the sale was the £160,000 which Maggs paid for the Rouen Bible which was probably the first manuscript Sotheby's ever sold (estimate £100,000-£150,000). The less obviously sensational manuscripts made unexpectedly good prices: a mid-fifteenth-century Rhineland Lectorary, estimated at £60,000-£80,000, is returning to its place of origin for £95,000; Kraus paid £80,000 for the rare Hungarian Prayer-book, which it was thought would go for £50,000 at most; with the same pre-sale higher estimate. But, realizing £75,000, a German Book of Prayers will return to its native country after a stay in Florida and a mid-fifteenth-century Parisian Book of Hours will leave Scandinavia for Germany for £65,000. The Bibliothèque Nationale paid £10,000 and

£20,000 for two consecutive lots, one a Book of Hours produced in the mid-fifteenth century at Nantes or Angers with rather worn miniatures imitating the style of the young Jean Fouquet (estimate £6,000-£8,000), and the other a well-illustrated Southern French Book of Hours of c1460 (estimate £8,000-£12,000). The Bibliothèque Municipale de Rennes also bought back what it evidently felt was part of the city's heritage, paying £10,500 for a Pontifical of c1530, which may have been made for the then Bishop of Rennes, Yves de Mayeue.

French interest was also high during the morning sale of illustrated books and almanacs at Christie's on December 3. The almanacs, most of which were in elaborate contemporary bindings, did exceptionally well, going far higher than their very conservative pre-sale estimates. One almanac for 1777 with gouache paintings by Moreau le Jeune of a young man and woman on its covers went to Beres for £30,000 against an expected price of £1,000-£1,500. Similarly collections of French eighteenth-century ephemera were keenly sought after: Sourget paid £21,000 for one collection (estimate £6,000-£8,000) and a foreign dealer bought the set of over 1,000 plates illustrating Voltaire's works for £6,800 (estimate £2,000-£3,000). Kraus also paid a high price for the bound in the "à la fanfare" style, when it had been expected to go for £8,000 at most.

Christie's sale in the afternoon of the same day of literary and historical manuscripts contained some more surprises. The chief of these was the £170,000 which a private collector paid for the Lewis Carroll versions of Tenniel's drawings for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. In an unpublished estimate Christie's thought they might go for £150,000. With a few exceptions most of the other lots in this auction kept more or less to the limits of their pre-sale estimates. A few, however, went beyond them.

Two documents, warrants to the Lord Chancellor, signed by George III and George IV, instructing him to seal a convention and a treaty with the United States went for £2,000 and £3,200 to Joseph, well beyond their estimates of £400-£600 and £300-£500, no doubt because of their American interest. From about the same period Napoleon and Nelson items also did well and it was pleasing that the Royal Armouries bought a week's accounts for the end of 1598 submitted by the Governor of the Tower of London for £2,100 (estimate £1,000-£1,500). The best increase on a pre-sale estimate was achieved by an unrecorded Middle-English manuscript compilation containing medical, culinary and herbal works including the *Boke of Marchalse*, which was here uniquely attributed to John Marshall, Vicar of St Michael's Church, Appleby: it was estimated at £700-£1,000 but in the event Griffiths was prepared to pay £15,000 for it. In the music part of the sale, which may have been less exciting because of the similar auction the week before at Sotheby's, the autograph draft of the "Foxtrots: Old Sir Faulk" from Walton's *Facade* made £5,500 (estimate £800-£1,200).

The best item in Bloomsbury Book Auctions' sale on the same day, December 4, a sketch by Thomas Bewick for a bookplate, dated February 1822, was bought by Bain for £340 (estimate £100-£150). Most of a run of volumes from the invaluable Victoria County History were bought by Quaritch for around £70 or £80 each. Sets of eighteenth-century novels reprinted at the Shakespeare Head Press also did well, with the fourteen volumes of Defoe going to Frew MacKenzie for £320 (estimate £150-£200). There was also quite a demand for a works of Maurice Collis: a first edition of his book *Slavers White*, 1936, with the holograph manuscripts of the first and second drafts, went to Burgess Browning for £170 (estimate £50-£70).

Letters

Georges Dumézil

Like my colleagues C. Scott Littleton, D. A. Miller, Jean Puhvel and Udo Struyski (Letters, December 5), I regret the death of Georges Dumézil, and would rather that he had lived to respond to my review of his volume *L'Oubli de l'homme et l'honneur des dieux* (October 3). In their haste to preserve Dumézil's reputation, these gentlemen defend him against charges I never made, while backhandedly conceding much of my case. Thus, towards the end of their letter, Littleton *et al* state plainly: "It is true that Dumézil's political sympathies were right of centre in the French political spectrum; indeed, he sometimes was not to characterize himself as 'un homme de gauche'." But there is a great deal of difference between being 'un homme de la droite' and being a Nazi sympathizer or a raving anti-semitic. Yet nowhere do I claim that he was either a Nazi sympathizer or an antisemite - going or otherwise. Rather, I too situate him within the French right, but go on to ask precisely where on the French right he stood, and that relation existed between his own ideology and the positions advanced in his scholarly discourse, questions that I hope any serious student would consider both legitimate and pertinent.

In my article, I tried to establish three points with specific reference to the volume under review. First, I showed how Dumézil severely misrepresented the career and politics of his lifelong friend Pierre Gaxotte, as a means to reveal his own connections to the Action Française and the theories of Charles Maurras. Second, I tried to show how Maurras's ideas informed Dumézil's interpretation of the Roman *evocatio* ritual, such that he unduly evaded the category of memory and tradition as a means of defending civilization against barbarism. Third, I argued that Dumézil misinterpreted Herodotus' account of Darius' invective, making of it a celebration of kingship, kingship being cast as that institution which permits harmonious integration of hierarchically differentiated strata - an ideological position prominent in Maurras's writings, but quite foreign to the Herodotean text. In all of this, as I state explicitly, it is not some generated and amorphous "fascism" that is at issue, still less Nazism, but rather a strain of intellectual and political life in France that was highly influential during the 1920s and 1930s, when Dumézil obtained his training and laid the groundwork for his life's work.

Beyond their fulminations, Littleton *et al* offer little in the way of sober analysis or argument, and it is clear that they neither read my article very carefully, nor had full control of the sources which I cite, for they make no fewer than seven errors of fact and many more of interpretation. For the sake of brevity, I will limit myself to the former: some, admittedly are trivial, others more important, but list them all for the record:

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 308

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than January 9. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 308" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC4M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on January 16.

1 And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

2 High noon behind the tamarisks - the sun is hot above us -
As at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner - those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!

3 A fellow called Harold Mellor, who is staying in a hotel, comes over constantly to see me. He is a Jew, or Mrs Jacob Bright's. He has a pretty little boy with him. They stayed last night at

"The story of Dumézil's 1918 encounter with the German officer is not recounted in *L'Oubli de l'homme*, but in his *Discours de réception à l'Académie Française*, a text far more revealing of his personal beliefs.

It was not Carlo Ginzburg who pointed out the significance of Dumézil's having dedicated his first book to Pierre Gaxotte, but Arnaldo Momigliano.

Although Dumézil did withdraw from the "Patronage Committee" of *Nouvelle École* following publication of a blatantly racist issue in his honour (Winter 1972/73, see especially pp7-12), he remained in contact with its editor, Alain de Benoist, a leading figure in the French "New Right", to whom he continued to grant friendly interviews (cf *Le Figaro Dimanche*, April 29-30, 1978, the tone of which differs markedly from that of the 1983 interview in the left-of-centre *Nouvel Observateur* cited by Littleton *et al*; see also *Le Figaro*, April 20, 1979).

I make no arguments based upon Dumézil's *Mythes et dieux des Germains* (1939), as Littleton *et al* allege, but state that questions regarding this work will remain debatable and rest ultimately upon the interpretation of silence.

Few, if any, of Dumézil's ideas were derived from Sylvain Lévi, nor did he study with the latter at any length, although Lévi did obtain for Dumézil his first teaching position in France.

The claim that "anyone who passionately examines the raw data" will find confirmation of Dumézil's theories is hyperbolic. These theories remain controversial, and numerous scholars of repute have contested them on quite apolitical grounds (Mary Boyce, Angelo Brelich, John Brough, Ilya Gershevitch, Jan Gonda, Cristiano Grotta, E. A. Philpotts, André Piganiol, H. J. Rose, Paul Thieme, Henrik Wagenvoort *et al*).

A tendentious parenthetical insertion distorts the sole direct quotation included from my article: "The similarity of Nazism in particular and fascist ideas of the 'corporate state' in general to the Indo-European system of Georges Dumézil is considerable and, I am persuaded, not just coincidental." Yet the sentence immediately preceding - which Littleton *et al* chose not to quote - makes my sense quite clear: "Closer than this [sic] Fascist ideas of the corporate state], however, is Maurras's 'integral nationalism', wherein one finds the same contradictory conjunction of hierarchy and harmony, as well as the vision of kingship ensuring this happy (if improbable) combination."

In short, it does not appear that Littleton *et al* have given serious consideration either to my article, those of Ginzburg and Momigliano, or the relevant primary sources (eg, Herodotus on Darius' accession or Macrobius on the *evocatio*), or even to the work of Georges Dumézil, but have simply responded out of loyalty and habit. This is hardly the first time that Littleton has sought to clear the latter of all charges against him. "Scandalously super-

ficial", Carlo Ginzburg termed one of his earlier attempts. I am inclined to agree.

BRUCE LINCOLN.

University of Minnesota, Twin Cities, Humanities Program, 314 Ford Hall, 224 Church Street SE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455.

Empson on Eliot

Sir, - Anthony Paul (Letters, December 5) is wrong. Empson gets his quotation from *Macbeth* right on pp140 and 141 of *Essays on Shakespeare*; on p175 the same line is misquoted. In his eagerness to defend Empson Mr Paul has foisted his own error on me; perhaps a little of the circumspection he recommends would have been in order.

ANN PASTERNAK SLATER.
St Anne's College, Oxford.

Pandemonium Presented

Sir, - At least one of the three enigmas referred to by Nigel Glendinning in his review of Pedro Ortiz Armengol's book on Moratin (November 21) is easily solved. The "Máquina de Pandemonium" seen - and detested - by the dramatist in London on March 12, 1793, was surely the celebrated Eidophusikon of Philip James de Loutherbourg.

This was a device in which complex three-dimensional scenic effects were contrived by the use of painted glass slides and which represents a significant development in techniques of mechanical illusion foreshadowing the arrival of photography. De Loutherbourg (1740-1812) was a Swiss artist and scene-painter whose initial presentations of the Eidophusikon took place at his house in Lisle Street. Performances were accompanied with music, some of it specially composed by Johann Christian Bach, and included a representation of the assembled devils in Milton's *Pandemonium* (*Paradise Lost*, Books 1 and 2). The dis-

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON

The *TLS* of December 21, 1911, carried a review by G. S. Robertson of Max Steinitzer's Richard Strauss, from which the following extracts are taken:

"An elaborate monograph on a composer who is still in middle age and at the very summit of his productive powers might well be regarded as premature. In the case of Richard Strauss it can be amply justified. Strauss is probably unique among composers in the fact that he not only found his individual style at an early age, but also found it practically in its fullest form. The music that he wrote at twenty-three is, in its real essentials, as mature as that which he is producing now, and this means that he presents nearly a quarter of a century of full productivity for description and criticism. The change in the composer's methods. Strauss himself attributes it to the influence of Alexander Ritter . . . Up to that point the youth, under the sway of his excellent father, his uncles, his aunts, and his other friends, had poured forth streams of facile classicism. (Dr Steinitzer thinks at least fifteen other composers could establish a title to the Violin Concerto). In April, 1886, the classical influence was interrupted by his journey to Italy; in September of the same year he became associated with Ritter; by the end of the same year he had completed 'Aus Italien', the only one of his larger works which is really transitional; in August, 1887, he met Frau Clara Schumann, who supplied the requisite touch of passion; about the same time he began the original version of 'Macbeth', and in the following winter he completed 'Don Juan'. Strauss had emerged fully armed into a somewhat startled world. . . .

In the first part of the book the account of Strauss's conductorship at Weimar is of great interest. He did extraordinarily fine work in the production of Wagner and the first performance of operas by living composers, including *Hänsel und Gretel*, and generally, in his own words, played the part of the Angel with the flaming sword to keep out Meyerbeer and Gounod's *Raisin*. There is plenty of humour, too, both conscious and unconscious. In this part of the book, Dr Steinitzer knows all about the London performances of *Salome*,

plays were enormously admired by Gainsborough, Reynolds and other painters of the day, and are held to have influenced Turner in his treatment of weather and light effects.

De Loutherbourg seems ultimately to have lost control over Eidophusikon presentations and was almost certainly not in charge of the spectacle witnessed by Moratin (by this time it had transferred to the Strand). This may, incidentally, be one of the last recorded references to it.

JONATHAN KEATES.
City of London School, London EC4.

Ex Cathedra

Sir, - I wonder whether Rupert Murdoch is an admirer of Stephen Leacock. Reviewing Frank Giles's *Sundry Times* in your issue of September 14, Alexander Chancellor mentions the mighty publisher's sharp definition of the word "emeritus"; "E" means you're out, and "emeritus" means you deserve it."

When Leacock was promptly and rather unceremoniously forced to retire from McGill University at the age of sixty-five - an institution he had adorned for many years - he told a friend bitterly: "Joe, I am now Professor Emeritus. That's from the Latin, Joe; 'E', out, 'emeritus', he ought to be."

The *Montreal Star* called to ask Leacock if he had any comments to make on his retirement. "Yes," he replied, "and I shall spend eternally shouting them down to the Governors."

MICHAEL BALLANTYNE.
Reader's Digest Magazines Ltd, 215 Redfern, Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

'Venus and Mercury'

Sir, - For a satisfactory reflection of Poussin's original, Fabrizio Chiari's etching (December 12) should be viewed in a mirror.

ANNA SLOWEY.
7 Copperfield Way, Chislehurst, Kent.

where Mme Akte was compelled by the Lord Chamberlain to perform with an "empty saucepan" (we should rather have described it as a lidless soup tureen), "and yet," he says, "the barefoot dancer Maud had performed the scene at a music hall for months with complete realism." It is some small consolation to learn that the Berlin authorities surpassed even the Lord Chamberlain by introducing the Star of Bethlehem (rekindled *pro hac vice*), in order to give fuller satisfaction to religious sentiment."

The central part of the book contains a very thorough criticism of the different sides of Strauss's genius, and a no less thorough answer to the reckless attacks that have been made on him, particularly in his own country. The style is sometimes rather heavy and repellent, but we would like to draw particular attention to the remarks on the composer's methods of writing for the voice, which are admirable. His notes on Strauss as a conductor are defective; he says, for instance, nothing about his inimitable method of conducting Mozart. The book concludes with an excellent collection of pictures and facsimiles. That of the rehearsals of *Parafal* at Bayreuth, with Wagner's head and arm intruding into the orchestra from the front row of the auditorium through a hole which he had made for the purpose, is particularly amusing. The best feature, however, of Dr Steinitzer's work is its moderation of tone. The author's admiration of his hero is a critical admiration, the sort which we could wish that all great composers could receive while they are still at the height of their creative powers. It is a pity that those who do not admire Strauss find it impossible to be equally moderate. Only a few weeks ago some good people were still to be found hissing "Don Quixote" at the Queen's Hall. They are perhaps not the kind of persons who would, or could, read Dr Steinitzer's book, but we commend it to their notice and also to that of less prejudiced listeners, and we also commend to them the words which Strauss himself addressed to a more intelligent class of critics: "The conception that a man cannot be one person today and another tomorrow, but must be always as the *lieber Gott* made him, is too profound to find its way into the brain of a writer on aesthetics."

COMMENTARY

The urge to illustrate

Kate Flint

Sing a Song for Sixpence: The English Picture Book Tradition and Randolph Caldecott
British Library until January 25, 1987

They fix for all time
The favourite heroes
Of nursery rhyme.

proclaimed E. V. Lucas in *The Visit to London* (1902). The importance of Randolph Caldecott's short career was already widely recognized at the beginning of the century: his influence has been acknowledged by children's book illustrators ever since. The British Library's small exhibition commemorates the centenary of Caldecott's death, but does not seek to illuminate the artist's life or achievements in detail. Rather, it makes his work of the late 1870s and 1880s the fulcrum around which is ranged a history of English attempts to integrate words and pictures.

At its most simple, the "urge to illustrate", as the exhibition calls it, records an impression, a person: the familiar round figures of Mr Lear and his cat; Caldecott, portraying himself at the head of a letter to his fiancée, head in hands in front of an unfinished canvas, "the artist all forlorn". Two different routes into narrative representation are shown. On the one hand, there are the early turn-up books, or "harlequinades", of the mid-eighteenth century, toys for adults, rather than children, in their picturing of scandalous lechery, and on the other, Hogarth's moral series, such as *Industry and Idleness*, whose crowded plates were specifically aimed at the young. Early stiff-figured alphabet books, didactic texts like *Peter Prim's Pride* and Blake's *Songs of Innocence* are also included, showing rather the variety in invention at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries than the existence of any one tradition. The early Victorian picture books displayed are less static than their predecessors. There is a growth of caricature, particularly in the hands of Cruikshank, and of picture-strips: the *Pictorial Humpty Dumpty*, for example, and Richard Doyle's *Overland Journey to the Great Exhibition*. Moralizing is certainly still present: *Struwwelpeter* first appeared in English translation in 1848, but its illustrations, too, show something of the expressive energy which is the strongest characteristic of Caldecott's work.

The history and material will be familiar to many, but they are clearly, if concisely, presented. The section directly bearing on Caldecott is of far fresher interest. He was recruited by Edmund Evans, the best known mid-Victorian entrepreneur in large-scale colour-printed children's books in 1877. The stiff drawings of earlier Evans illustrators, as seen in Charles H. Bennett's *The Faithless Parrot* (1858), give way

to the vigorous flow of Caldecott's lines, his designs not just filling the space available but pushing outwards towards a page's edges. Metallic tints are replaced by warm browns and greys, with pallid greens and turquoise suggesting, for Caldecott, the feminine qualities which he presents with far less certainty than rumbustious hunts and chases. The processes of achieving the colour prints are well documented in the exhibition. Caldecott's original watercolours were turned into wood-engravings, subsequently coloured by the artist as a guide for the making of blocks and the mixing of inks. The stages of block printing, together with the artist's own marginal notes of advice, indicate the interest he took in the operation.

Caldecott's reputation rests on a group of sixteen books. Neither attempting original subjects, like Kate Greenaway, nor tackling a varied range of texts, like Walter Crane, he largely employed texts from traditional rhymes and songs, to which he added Cowper's "John Gilpin", Foote's "Panjandrum", two poems by Goldsmith and Edwin Waugh's "Three Jovial Huntsmen". The toy books repeatedly glance back with nostalgia to a pastoral image of the eighteenth century: a world of quiet fields, hunting horns and boots, men in wigs and smirking girls in flounced dresses. Hints of modernity occur only in his disdain for the bounding margin, and in the Japanese delicacy of the blossomed apple bough on which the blackbirds perch in "Sing a Song for Sixpence". At his most sentimental, he is embarrassing, as in the plate which shows a chubby Baby Bunting listening to a large-eyed, Louis Wain-style cat playing the fiddle. Happily, these are not the aspects of Caldecott's work which have proved a lasting influence on the many subsequent illustrators who have acknowledged his importance to their work. Beatrix Potter claimed to have a "jealous appreciation" of him; Ardizzone spoke of his "robust splendours" alongside Rowlandson, Cruikshank and Leech; Maurice Sendak commended the "rhythmic progression through the pages, a sense of music and dance". All learnt from the freshness with which he tackled each particular combination of word and text, from the energy and economy of his draughtsmanship: the three later artists appear in the exhibition side by side with so many other representatives of excellence in twentieth-century children's book illustration that the precise legacy of Caldecott, however, becomes diffused. Although Caldecott has already been celebrated in an exhibition devoted entirely to his work, at Manchester Art Gallery in 1977-78, the danger of setting such a relatively small amount of his graphic art in the midst of so many other examples of the English picture book tradition, albeit examples which lead toward and away from his own production, is that his originality and impact may be swamped.

Gilbertians in conference

Arthur Jacobs

Images of torture, execution and grotesque bodily deformities went on the screen when that master of mirth, W. S. Gilbert (born November 18, 1836) was subjected to a Sesqui-centennial Symposium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on November 20 and 21. Gilbert's own illustrations to his *Bab Ballads* provided evidence for the thesis of the American psychiatrist, Dr Leon Berman, that the operettas with Sullivan were rich in evoking the known fantasies of childhood, including severance of the body and the deprivation and substitution of parents. Among other speakers on literary, biographical and musical topics was Shoshana Knapp of Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, whose paper ("Play it again, Gilbert") saw Gilbert's notorious borrowings, self-borrowings and repetitions as a creative strength not unlike Hitchcock's in the cinema.

The organizer of the symposium, C. V. Berney of MIT, spoke only partly in fun when presenting "Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd as Byronic hero" and showing in mock-academic triumph that the first night of *Ruddigore* (Janu-

ary 22, 1887) took place exactly on the 99th anniversary of Byron's birth: here was, in fact, a valuable insight into the derivation of such a burlesque character. Berney revealed himself also as the talented stage director of a production of Gilbert's *A Sensation Novel*, in three short acts (or rather "in three volumes") in which a trashy novelist's characters come to life and compel him to change his plot. Gilbert's early burlesque of the opera *Norma*, under the title of *The Pretty Druidess*, was also revived for the occasion.

Fredric Woodbridge Wilson, of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, announced the launch of the first complete critical edition of Gilbert's works, including all the journalism. His hearers could only wish the project more speed than the complete and scholarly musical edition of the G-and-S operettas, announced by a New York publisher more than a decade ago and represented to date by not a single volume.

A small exhibition of autograph manuscript, letters, books and photographs from the Gilbert and Sullivan Collection will be on show at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, until January 18.

Sunset over Hampstead

David Nokes

VITA SACKVILLE-WEST
All Passion Spent
BBC2

All Passion Spent takes us back to a time when Hampstead - pronounced Hemsted - was an unspoilt, unfashionable village; to a time when builders were craftsmen who wore bowlers and meditated on beauty; a time when estate agents were gentlemen who preferred wild flowers to profits, and when one could happily munch sandwiches in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Written in 1930, Vita Sackville-West's novel reads like a weak solution of *Howards End* and *A Room of One's Own*. It champions Art against Mammon and female creativity against the demands of bourgeois marriage. Yet what is most remarkable is the passionlessness of the revolt which it celebrates. The resolution of past errors in the tranquillity of a Hampstead cottage garden domesticates the charms of a bohemian life into a safe and tidy idyll of retirement.

Thematically we are offered a reversal of the generation-gap motif. Lady Slane, the octogenarian widow of a former prime minister and vicerey of India, shocks her more conventional offspring by dropping out of society to go slumming in NW3. Poised and regal, Wendy Hiller plays the part of Lady Slane as a dignified paradox; at once the embodiment of imperial confidence, her ram-rod back shelters the fluttering spirit of a desert butterfly. Travelling alone on the London Underground, veiled and erect, she exudes the air of a Victorian explorer, and she deflects the accusation of feminism with a magisterial reproof: "I have never indulged in the luxury of an imagined martyrdom."

Usually in period pieces of this kind, authenticity is largely a matter of accessories; the gleaming Daimlers fresh from the motor museum, and the actresses costumed like fashion plates from *Vogue*. Here, while there is no shortage of expensive props, Peter Buckman has put his main period detail into the dialogue. The characters all speak prose to one

another. The formality of their lives is deflected by a clarity of diction and a deliberateness of intonation that turns each sub-clause and semi-colon into a posture of deference. In television terms, however, there is a price to pay for such stateliness of utterance. Several of the cast, including Maurice Denham and John Franklyn-Robbins are well known as radio actors, and their finely modulated voices can turn the simplest of sentences into an arpeggio of agreeable sounds. Here, however, their virtuosity impedes the pace of the series, turning each scene into a formal set-piece.

Indeed, what the series particularly transmits is an illusion of stasis, an aesthetic paralysis. In a key scene Fitzgeorge, the sad, romantic bachelor played by Harry Andrews, picks up a conversation with Lady Slane begun half a century earlier in India. The house in Hampstead to which Lady Slane makes her retreat had been glimpsed by her only once before, thirty years earlier, but it was enough for her to fall in love with the place at her destiny. Sackville-West seems to be suggesting the timelessness of love and art and sympathy; but what emerges is a nostalgic myth of security, based on the deference of tradesmen and the domestication of art into a cottage craft.

When speaking of the past, characters present fantasy versions of themselves as erstwhile activists. Bucktrout, the sensitive estate agent (Maurice Denham), boasts of his former fierceness in property deals; Fitzgeorge claims to have been a hard man of business; Lady Slane, we are to believe, yearned for the uneasy life of an artist. "You sinned against the light", Fitzgeorge tells her, though the accusation, lightly made and accepted, carries little force. For in this production we see Wendy Hiller bathed in light, both the translucency of her own spirit and the warm sunset glow over Hampstead Heath. There is only one complete disaster in the characterization. The French maid Genoux, closely modelled on, and named after Sackville-West's own maid, and played with brave desperation by Eileen Way, speaks a brand of Edwardian français that irretrievably recalls *'Allo 'Allo*. Her dialogue is a cruel reminder that in matters of art imitation is no substitute for imagination.

A bit of everything

Rosemary Ashton

ADRIAN MITCHELL
The Pied Piper
Oliver Theatre

Part pantomime, part magic show, part song-and-dance, part social message - the National Theatre's production of Adrian Mitchell's *Pied Piper* is a miscellaneous affair. As such, it pleased the schoolchildren in the audience at the Press preview most of the time, though several young scholars of Browning's poem were heard to complain of the piper's too diverse appearance. For he appears not in pied, but in multicoloured garb, and is, despite a slight Irish accent adopted perhaps to suggest a twinkling eye and a relationship to fairyland, not quite as charming as he ought to be. Still, he sings and dances and pipes and jokes in a thoroughly amiable fashion.

The whole show is jolly, noisy, and visually cluttered in an interesting way. Hamelin is depicted as one huge stage contraption hung with gawgaws and peopled with shopkeepers out of storybook and pantomime: the learned seller of potions, the ample, floury miller, the sweet-shop woman, and the toy-seller. These are the good townspeople of Hamelin, who deliver an ultimatum, with placards and chanting, to the obese capitalist Mayor. (The production dispenses with the Corporation.) As is the way of small business men, however, they support the Mayor's refusal to pay up as soon as he points out that it would be their money he would be spending if he kept his lavish premises.

The social message, suitably matched to music by Dominic Muldowney with a distant echo of Kurt Weill, is reinforced, lightly enough, by the piper's song about the country inside the mountain to which he intends to lead the children. It is a utopia where there is no

money, no crime, but freedom, peace and love, and where, by the sound of it, all the music is inspired by Andrew Lloyd Webber. This goes down well with a young audience, as does the mysterious and truly charming scene in which the mountain opens up under a starry sky to receive the children into paradise. Perhaps thinking Browning's lame boy too pathetic a figure for such a robust production, Alan Cohen substitutes for him a modern Cinderella, Toffee Jenkins, "a young girl with a bad leg". She is excluded from the mountain, but sings, with the audience, a request - duly granted - to be vouchsafed a view of the happy children inside.

This last scene constitutes the "magical" part of the play, though early in the first act a jovial Australian wandering magician engages the audience in a well-executed version of the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't routine with a box, top hat and giant dice. This is good pantomime fun, and the magician is later allowed to join the piper and the children on the grounds that he did not choose to grow up, but could not help it. The journey itself is spun out to fill the second act, with more extraneous elements brought in, like a swamp with a monster and a freezing forest with an Ice Knight. Shades of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Alice*, and *The Wizard of Oz* here, but rather too obviously used to fill in the time. The production aims at giving a bit of everything to keep children entertained, and succeeds quite well. I can't help thinking it a pity, though, that so little of Browning's poem, with its outrageous, teasing, memorable if often incomprehensible rhymes, survives.

In *Browning's Dramatic Monologues and the Post-Romantic Subject* (292pp, Johns Hopkins University Press, £22.00/816 2653 5), Loy D. Martin examines the form of the dramatic monologue and shows how it provided readers with a new formal literary alternative.

Mad about writing

K. L. Walker

CONRAD J. STANG (Editor)
The Ford Madox Ford Reader
Oxford, Manchester: Carcanet, £18.95.
08555194

Ford Madox Ford's position in English writing is a curious one. On the one hand, *Parade's End*, his sequence of novels centred on the tragic figure of Christopher Tietjens, is hailed by many as perhaps the greatest work of fiction to have emerged from the First World War; on the other, his busy and commanding career over a period of forty years as literary journalist, editor and writer in all genres seems to minimize many of the qualities in Edwardian literary life least trusted nowadays - a preference for genial subjectivity to close analysis, for the tangential to the direct, for stylishness to plainness. Ford was, too, enormously productive - another cause for reserve - publishing some eighty books in a life that ended, at the great age of sixty-five, in 1939. Most of these have long been out of print, so that the selection from them that Sonda J. Stang has assembled in *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* - memoirs, criticism, essays, fiction, poetry, letters - provides a welcome opportunity to sample the quality of Ford's output.

Ford himself was, of course, aware of the objections raised to his methods. In late middle age he excused himself from the implied criticism that he wrote too much by saying simply that he was "an old man mad about writing". For being a liar when it came to transcribing his memories of people or events, he had a profound contempt for facts. Facts did not convey the spirit of things. The accuracy of his impressions was, however, absolute. This, of course, is all one with the man-of-letters position from which, during the war, he attacked the death-dealing aspects of Prussian scholarship, complaining of "the impossibility of producing an unconstrained and pleasing conversation about the feast of Trimalchio about being brought up short by someone who will have read Professor Friedlander's *Die Trimalchionis mit Uebersetzung und Anmerkungen*". Pleading, enough, although there are times when one feels that Ford's own severely, beautifully tailored prose - prose which, as Ezra Pound wrote in his obituary of Ford, "lay so natural on the page that one didn't notice it" - could have done with some

less staidness. Ford's delicate tortuousness is much in evidence in his criticism, of which *The Ford Madox Ford Reader* offers a generous selection. Professor Stang includes extracts from *The Critical Attitude* (1911), *Six Literary Portraits* (1913-15), *Henry James: A critical study* (1914), *Joseph Conrad: A personal remembrance* (1924), *Portraits from Life* (1937) and *The March of Literature* (1938) - this last written when Ford was on the staff of Olivet College, Michigan - as well as prefaces and editorial to the first issue of the *Transatlantic Review*. Also included are essays (here called "critical criticism" or "sociological impressionism") on such topics as the English character, London, feminism, average people, Provence. Ford would doubtless detect the shade of Professor Friedlander in such a listing, but all credit is due to the editor for her thoroughness. The modern reader must be prepared to meet Ford's style half-way and to enjoy its subtleties of tone and architecture. He must, too, mask his impatience at the absence of blood, for Ford is out to expound, not to wound. He complains, it is true, of Arnold's "poet-boilers" - "One is so tired of these belaboured men posing before the head-walters of Chaucerage" - but only as a postscript to something out (in 1913) *Anna of the Five Towns* and *The Old Wives' Tale* from the rack. He refers to H. G. Wells's early scientific romances as "the widely praised social comedies, finding in them a poetry missing in such novels as *Anna and Mr. Lewis*" - a verdict which, in empty, modern opinion by half a century, Ford's *Courtesie*, product of a High Victorian literary tradition and a cultivated, the Rappahannock background (that he was able to write a letter to the *Saturday Review* of *Anna* in defence of the recently published *Anna* is a little something for the tough-

mindedness of that tradition) does not, however, quite disguise the sometimes fast-moving currents of irony beneath the surface. Had Henry James been an English writer, Ford notes, "he would have been at it twenty years before he knew an English countess; he would have died without having exchanged ten words with the wife of a duke". Lurking in the currents there is perhaps the shadow of quite a large and dangerous fish.

Ford seems to have had the most finely tuned of ears for the literary false note. It can be seen in a two-page analysis of how the opening sentence of Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple" might be translated (he eventually arrives at "for more than thirty-seven years" as a rendering of "pendant un demi-siècle"). A similarly professional commentary on the first paragraph of Chrysanthemums" casts light on the reasons for Ford's success as editor of the *English Review*. Indeed, his accounts of the new writers he helped bring forward during this period (1908-09) are among the most entertaining things in the present selection. He relates how Lawrence, after his story was accepted, appeared unannounced at Ford's house in Holland Park: "Suddenly, leaning against the wall beside the doorway, there was, bewilderingly... a fox. A fox going to make a raid on the hen-roost before him." Another unheralded visitor was the young Wyndham Lewis, whom "with his unerring eye the editor at once took to be a Russian moujik". "You cannot", ruefully notes Ford, the midwife to Modernism, "afford to despise a movement conducted by young men who are loud-voiced, tapageux, vigorous and determined to arrive... because those young men will always survive you. They will be the judges when you are dead."

Avuncularity and good humour come through strongly in these accounts of Ford's dealings with the young writers, although not without the faintest droop of an eyelid at his readers, a clubman's hint that this is the sort of thing we editors have to put up with. With Hemingway as his assistant on the *Transatlantic Review* in Paris fifteen years later there was much to put up with:

when I went to New York, I confided that review to him. I gave him strict instructions as to whom not to print and above all whom not to cut. The last morning he made for me died yesterday. Hemingway had cut his article and all those of my most cherished and awful contributors down to a line or two apiece. In return he had printed all his wildest friends in extenso....

As the casualties in this notorious *Putsch* of Hemingway's included Ford himself, his revenge, reprinted here from the introduction he contributed eight years later to *A Farewell to Arms*, seems mild indeed. There is the same sly humour to be found in his childhood recollections of his grandfather Ford Madox Brown's house in Fitzroy Square, and of Oscar Wilde, a regular visitor, chatting quietly to the painter about the price of the fire stretching out on either side of the fire stretching out on either side of the flames. Perhaps, though, it is the accuracy of the impression that counts here.

On Ford himself as a novelist, the *Reader* throws interesting light, particularly on that obsession with technique which, as V. S. Pritchett has suggested, was the one reality to a mind as given to confusion and posturing as Ford's. A long section from the Conrad memoir lists the methods discussed by the two writers during the period of their collaboration, among them devices for which Ford became known in his own fiction - impressionism, the time-shift, the *progression d'effet* (a kind of narrative *accelerando*). Conrad is shown filling in the ellipses in Ford's dialogue, during which, it seems, the real action took place ("Baron Haldersrodt has..."), "committed suicide", adds Conrad bluntly, thereby undermining Ford's impressionism by which he sought to convey the unstructured nature of everyday life.

Ford, of course, saw himself primarily as a novelist and might not have been too dissatisfied to be remembered as the author of the Tietjens sequence (trilogy or tetralogy, according to taste) and of *The Good Soldier*, that bleak account of marital hypocrisy, "the finest French novel in the English language". In French novel in the English language, which for once his narrative theories pay off handsomely, Ford wanted to write the Sad-

dest Story" but was overborne by his publisher, who thought the title too depressive for a wartime readership. Neither work, probably rightly (given their current availability), is represented in the present selection. Instead, we are offered short extracts, no more than a dozen or so pages each, from seven of the thirty-one novels Ford published during his lifetime, between 1892 and 1936. That from *The Fifth Queen* (1906), the first volume of a historical trilogy centred on the relationship of Catherine Howard and Henry VIII, hints at a gift for evoking the dark chill of Tudor court treacheries; while the few pages from *The Rash Act* (1933) arouse curiosity about how far Ford's techniques had carried him by this stage of his career. Another type of curiosity, about the nature of Ford's collaboration with Conrad, is partially satisfied by the reprinting of the section which Ford contributed to *Nostromo*, in which Conrad's stern narrative line seems to have exercised a sobering effect on Ford's normal expansiveness. But there can be no judging of Ford's large output on such thin examples.

The war, though, is another matter. The snippets offered from *No Enemy*, Ford's complex, lightly fictionalized memoir of these years, whet the appetite for the complete work. Suggestive, too, is a note that Ford wrote while serving in the Ypres Salient in 1916. In it he muses on the fact that, hidden in the trenches below his vantage-point, there were probably a million men "impelled by an invisible moral force into a Hell of fear"; but of this he can, as a writer, make nothing. The scorned and dodged facts have, it seems, at last come out like a drawn sword and struck him

Keith Walker

OSCAR WILDE and others
Teleny
Edited by John McRae
198pp. GMP, £12.95 (paperback, £4.95).
085449 0469

Teleny is an erotic gay novel of the second half of the nineteenth century which has achieved a certain notoriety because of its possible connection with Oscar Wilde. The evidence for any such connection is extremely thin. *Teleny* has been published openly before in this country, in a heavily castrated edition by H. Montgomery Hyde in 1966. The present edition is the first complete English edition.

The story is simple and silly. The "hero" Camille Des Grieux (the allusion to *Manon Lescaut* is made explicit towards the end but the point of it remains obscure), tells the story of his affair with René Teleny, a pianist specializing in Liszt (apparently) but who also plays gavottes "that seem to smell of *lavande ambrée*, and in some way or other put you in mind of Lull and Watteau". The glances of Des Grieux and Teleny cross at a concert, and Des Grieux is stirred in the loins. Des Grieux goes home to mother. That night he dreams he is rogering his sister. This is part of a train of "naughty" references to incest throughout. Although attracted to Teleny, Des Grieux stays away. Teleny's piano playing suffers something terrible. Des Grieux experiments with servant girls, but can't get Teleny out of his mind. Meanwhile Teleny's playing gets worse. Then one night Des Grieux is cruising the bank of the Seine and meets Teleny, who asks him back to his place for coffee. Much writhing, patting of buttocks and tingling of thighs later, they sit down to a hearty meal.

The novel is now half-way through with no-thing to go. We may presume Teleny's piano playing to have vastly improved. Anyway, he also experiments with a woman, a countess this time. Or perhaps not. The details contrive to be both extremely precise and vague at once.

Eventually Teleny goes off his lover and goes away. We are not told what effect the break has on his playing, but must assume that it gets much worse because he kills himself, or in the words of the novel "plunges a dagger into his breast". Des Grieux arrives: "I threw myself upon him." Under such attentions, Teleny expires.

The editor, John McRae, thinks that allusions to, for example, *La Fille de Madame*

speechless. "As for explanations I hadn't any...." Eight years on, when the explanations were in place, *Parade's End*, the war seen as Armageddon for a Christian culture, could begin. Ford might have trusted his eye, rather than (almost of necessity) carried to France in his kit the full additional burden of the Edwardian intellectual. A solitary, dreadfully vivid phrase stands out: "men, burst into mere showers of blood"; proof that he might have freed himself of his duty to philosophize, from that ruminative diffuseness for which he has so often been attacked.

Edwardian writers, rightly or wrongly, may appear to us nowadays to be a somewhat over-protected species; the haze of cigar smoke and the popping of waistcoat buttons in the Café Royal must somehow have found their way on to the page, to its detriment. As a pivot of this comfortable literary world, Ford, fat and comfortable-looking himself, wrapped in his clever, comfortable prose, may continue to arouse suspicion among spiritual descendants of those dark and hungry young men - the Pounds, the Lewises, the Lawrences - whose careers, in fact, he did so much to foster. The further paradox that, in the 1920s, he should have produced an Edwardian masterpiece from the wartime generation's own cherished trauma may add to our ambivalence about him. He was too old, or too complacent, or simply too mature suddenly to turn fierce or angry about seeing his world blown up. It was writing that he was mad about, channelling his anger, in *The Good Soldier* and his portrait of Christopher and Sylvia Tietjens's marriage, against the carnage inflicted by that continuing war to which there is no Armistice.

In plain brown wrapper

Angot (produced in 1872) and Jules Léotard, who died in 1870, "seem to confirm that the action... takes place in the early/mid-1870s". Such a suggestion attributes to the novel a specificity and subtlety it doesn't otherwise possess. *Teleny*'s internal incoherence has suggested to some that there might have been several authors, but such a theory seems necessary only if you want to hold out the possibility of Wilde's involvement. The ignorant remarks about music cannot have come from Wilde, who was moderately knowledgeable on the subject.

There are two versions of the novel. The first (of which the present volume is a corrected reprint) was published in 1893. It has no author's name or publisher's imprint. Without offering any evidence, McRae says the publisher was Leonard Smithers, who afterwards published *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

A second version, also anonymous and without publisher, appeared in Paris in 1934. It is in French, with an elaborate introduction by Charles Hirsch, a Parisian bookseller, which tells the improbable story that Wilde brought the manuscript, well wrapped in a plain wrapper, into Hirsch's London shop one day to leave for a friend. Who took it away and brought it back to leave for another friend. This taking away and bringing back went on for some time and eventually loosened the brown paper, making it inevitable that Hirsch would have a peek. Years later this manuscript was to form the basis for the French "translation".

But is the French version a translation of the English? Comparison of the two versions suggests that the English may be a translation of a French original of which the published French edition (1934) is a descendant. Where the French edition is plain, the English edition (1893) is often fantastical: "Le baiser de Teleny me galvanisait, mon palais en goûtait la saveur" (1934); "Teleny's kiss was really galvanic for I could taste its sapidity upon my palate" (1893).

At least someone has gone out of his way for whatever reason to make it appear that 1893 is a translation from the French. Frenchisms abound: "Brunette Latun", "Lullit", "a strong erection thereupon took place", or, most absurd, "they enjoy, they enjoy!"

The editor finds traces of Wilde's wit. If he really wrote "it is not the pains of hell we dread, but rather the low society we might meet there" it's little wonder he chose not to put his name to *Teleny*. But as I've suggested the real reason may be that he had nothing to do with it in the first place.

John McRae, who translated the French into English, has written a preface and a

In brief

Patricia Craig

WALTER ALLEN. *All in a Lifetime*. 242pp. Hogarth. £3.95. 0 7012 0671 2 □ *All in a Lifetime* (first published in 1959) recounts the experiences of a socialist silversmith born in a Birmingham street in 1875 – an undramatic life, on the whole, if competently and sometimes vividly recreated. Billy Ashted is briefly a scholarship boy at a grammar school, then an apprentice; he forms an important friendship with a fellow socialist, spends some time in America, returns home, marries, loses a son in the First World War, gets involved in politics . . . so it goes on. It's a fault of the novel that it contains no female character, whether approved or disapproved of by the author, who isn't insipid.

BARBARA COMYNS. *The Skin Chairs*. 200pp. Virgo. £3.50. 0 86068 480 6 □ *The Skin Chairs* (first published in 1962) has another of Barbara Comyns's seemingly ingenuous narrators – in this instance, ten-year-old Frances, whose family takes up a new and diminished existence when the father dies. Like the earlier *Sisters by a River*, this novel is virtually plotless, consisting of the child's account of day-to-day life and the doings of relatives and neighbours. The setting is a Leicestershire village, the period the 1920s, and the telling low-spirited and clear-toned. Inadequacies, defects and deformities (children without hands, greyhounds with goitres, mutilated frogs and so on) are all noted by Frances but not – the skin chairs aside – very strongly reacted to. It's all very primitive and plaintive, and, as ever, curiously effective.

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH. *The Last Summer.* 192pp. Richard Drew. £3.95. 0 86267 162 0 □ Malcolm, in *The Last Summer* (1969), is a clever Scottish boy in his final term at school: it's wartime, though on the whole the war stays remote from the village and small town which form his surroundings. Football, diffidence towards the prettiest girl in the school, friendships, thoughts about poetry and mathematics: these make up the substance of Malcolm's life. Some interesting classroom scenes, and some evocative detail enliven the narrative.

ELLEN GLASGOW. *Barren Ground.* 409pp. Virago. £4.50. 0 86068 314 1 □ *Barren Ground* (1925) is about a strong woman, Dorinda Oakley, who rises above a crucial experience of her youth – seduction and betrayal. It leaves her

ginian farm (her parents') into a prosperous one; and the novel considers the manner in which this end is achieved. On the one hand we have improbvidence, signified in the broomsedge that runs riot over everything, and on the other, to represent the opposing quality, a sturdy pine tree standing alone. A sober, solid and impressive work – but did Dorinda really have to make quite so much of her commonplace misfortune?

LESLEY GRANT-ADAMSON. *Patterns in the Dust.* 191pp. 0 571 14522 1. *The Face of Death.* 302pp. 0 571 14513 3. Faber. £2.95 each. □ *Patterns in the Dust* is a detective story, with a body, right at the start, unearthed by an archaeologist carrying out some routine excavations. The setting is a Somerset village, and the central character a Fleet Street gossip columnist on holiday; Rain Morgan, who soon finds herself mixed up in an imbroglio. *The Face of Death* is a thriller in which the suspense never flags; we have a woman suffering from amnesia, and a man who claims her as his wife, though it's clear early on that she is nothing of the sort. The thriller, rather than the detective form (with its necessary intricacies) seems to suit this author best; both novels, however, are consistently diverting.

MARTIN H. GREENBERG AND BILL PRONZINI
(EDITORS): *Academy Mystery Novellas*.
Volume One: *Women Sleuths*. 221pp.
Academy Chicago. \$4.95. 0 89733-157 5 □ This
is the first of an interesting series which prom-
ises detective novellas arranged under dif-
ferent headings: "lookup room" mysteries

* 1994-95 225,000

Alan Ryan

The importance of property to political theory and political practice goes without saying. Locke explained the origins of government and justified its scope and limits by defining political power as "a Right of making Laws with Penalties of Death, and consequently all less Penalties, for the Regulating and Preserving of Property"; Hume had no time for the social contract by which Locke accounted for political obligation, but followed him in claiming that property and justice came into the world together, and that men's allegiance to government is to be explained and justified by their interest that explain and justify their

dominating ownership. As for the less nice business of practical politics, the view that politics is largely a contest between the haves and have-nots is perhaps too vulgar and abbreviated to be a complete political sociology, but it could be a rash politician who took it lightly.

Andrew Reave starts from two propositions; the first that property is indeed central to political thought and practice, the second that it is very much harder than it looks to say just what property is, and therefore just how it is central. Property is avowedly an introduction to the subject. To say that it is the best introduction there would be scant praise, for the fact is

er's *Property Rights* (1978) is the only comparable book, and good though it is, it is wholly devoted to a scrutiny of some standard qualifications for private property. My own

David Freedman

Fregé's Puzzle concerns the degree of informativeness of certain sentences. The unfashionable, naïve view of referring, supported by Nathan Salmon, asserts that a sentence such as "Clark Kent hates Kinnock" contains information in which two individuals occur as constituents. Fregé's Puzzle supposedly refutes this view. If the sole function of a name were to introduce the individual it picks out (its referent), there would be no difference in the information expressed by two sentences where the second is obtained from the first by replacing one name by another with the same referent. For example, there would be no such difference between (1) Superman is Superman and (2) Superman is Clark Kent, because the function of "Superman" is to introduce exactly the same individual as "Clark Kent". But Fregé observed that since (2) is genuinely informative, whereas (1) is trivial, this cannot be the case. Hence, these names cannot function according to the naïve view, but must have some additional attribute called "sense" that explains the difference in informativeness. Philosophers are still sensibly perplexed by the Fregéan notion of sense.

draws a distinction between two ways in which information attaches to language. The first he calls "semantically encoding", the second, "pragmatically imparting". For example, the expression "the inventor of bifocals" semantically encodes the information that it picks out whoever uniquely invented bifocals (i.e. Benjamin Franklin), whereas the expression "Benjamin Franklin" encodes no such information. A definite description semantically encodes a definite description of information than a proper name does, and Salmon observes that one failing of the original naïve theory was to ignore this. He maintains, with a deferential nod to Russell, that in its original and logical form, that the information contained in a sentence is simply quantified in terms of the information semantically encoded by the terms of the sentence.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Reeve tackles the jurisprudence, morality, sociology, political theory and economics of property rights with an altogether admirable lucidity and calm. Students who have read Reeve will no longer be swept away by C. B. Macpherson's implausible – and anyway obscure – claim that Locke invented an “absolute” conception of property rights uniquely suited to the domination of the bourgeoisie. Their sense of the importance of context ought to be sharpened by Reeve's reminder that among the important elements of a man's “propriety” Hobbes, like seventeenth-century lawyers, included “conjugal affection”. And their feeling for the variety of issues which have sheltered under the umbrella of arguments about property ought to be strengthened by his sympathetic reconstruction of Hannah Arendt's claim that “public ownership” was a conceptual nonsense, while their grip on the principle that we ought to talk plainly on obscure topics will at the same time be strengthened by the way he demonstrates that Arendt chose a pretty misleading form of expression.

Not everything goes smoothly. Some writers suffer too painfully from abbreviation; so when comparing Locke's account of the origins of property in "the work of a man's hands" with Hegel's account of the externalization of the will through possession, Reeve quite rightly

cally encoded in its constituent parts. Since "Superman" and "Clark Kent" semantically encode the same information (ie, nothing, if we are to accept the views of Saul Kripke on this subject), we are mistaken in thinking that (1) and (2) above contain different information. Frege's Puzzle misleads us by taking account of information merely pragmatically imparted by an utterance of a sentence (or by any other event) that may or may not reflect semantically encoded information. A sneeze might convey the information that Smith has a cold, but it certainly doesn't semantically encode that information. (2) pragmatically imparts much more than (1), but semantically encodes nothing that would count as a "valuable extension of our knowledge". Moreover, (3) Clark Kent is a mild-mannered reporter and (4) Superman is a mild-mannered reporter semantically encode the same information, but pragmatically impart distinct information. Precisely this phenomenon explains the advantage of analytic definitions like "Ophthalmologists are oculists" over "Ophthalmologists are ophthalmologists" for the purposes of elucidation.

This basic distinction between conveying and containing is pivotal to Salmon's lengthy and fruitful discussion. This acknowledges a great debt to Paul Grice's ideas on pragmatics that have been bubbling around near the surface of "respectable" semantic theory for some years. With the red herring of "trivial indexicals" removed, Salmon presents the puzzles Frege should have found: how is it that a speaker (e.g., Lois Lane) may be deemed to understand and be fully competent in the use of a pair of sentences (e.g., (3) and (4)) yet fail to recognize that they semantically encode the same information? Salmon tentatively deals with the dilemmas this presents for the notion of understanding, rationality, belief and linguistic competence.

Unfortunately, *Frege's Puzzle* uses an inordinately technical vocabulary in order to make a thorough appraisal of current semantic theories, so this densely packed volume is not an ideal introduction for students. None the less, Salmon gives a superior analysis of the puzzle, and although his style is neither as conversational as Kripke's nor as forthright as Frege's, his book deserves the attention of any professional philosopher of language.

objects to writers who describe Hegel's account as "Lockean" – human property is a utilitarian necessity in the Lockean scheme, and Locke's attitude to the individual will was to say the least ambivalent. But he has no room to go on to mention the ways in which Hegel integrates utilitarian considerations into the "externalization" story, and no room to mention that, in Locke's scheme, God's ownership of us in virtue of His workmanship is rather more like what Hegel thinks of as the essence of a possessory relationship, a fact which casts some light on Locke's lack of enthusiasm for worldly wealth as well as on Hegel's place in the philosophical project to replace God by humanity.

If that is hardly Reeve's fault, but a limitation on any introductory work, other slips are more nearly failures in the argument. Consider Herbert Spencer's claim in the first edition of *Social Statics* (1851) that freehold landed property was inconsistent with the equal liberty of all human beings. Spencer asked whether, when all the earth had been parcelled out

David Papineau

The central sceptical thesis of Hume's *Treatise* is that reason is impotent to carry us from premises about observed facts to conclusions about unobserved ones. For the best part of two centuries nobody, not even philosophers, took Hume's inductive scepticism particularly seriously. But since the overthrow of Newtonian science at the beginning of this century the climate has changed. Philosophers have not only become extremely perturbed about the rationality of inductive inferences. Sir Karl Popper has even built an entire philosophy of science on the basis of Hume's inductive scepticism.

David Stove's aim in *The Rationality of Induction* is to stem this sceptical tide. He accepts, of course, that induction is fallible: that the conclusions of inductive inferences can be false even when their premises are true. But, he insists, it does not follow that inductive premises cannot raise the probability of their conclusions. What is more, he argues that he can prove, from some extremely minimal principles of inductive probability, that some inductive inferences must indeed be rational in this sense, and that some must actually give their conclusions a high probability.

So far Stove is retracing ground originally covered in his *Probability and Hume's Inductive Scepticism* (1973). What is new in this volume are his attempts to diagnose the errors that have prevented other philosophers from embracing his views.

§ So, for instance, he spends some time on the widespread feeling that inductive probabilities are entirely chimerical. Most philosophers, when faced with Stove's proof of the rationality of induction, would probably not dispute the details, but simply object that calculations of inductive probabilities are about as significant as calculations of astrological influences. But Stove has little patience with this attitude. Inductive probabilities are just another way of talking about the degrees of belief that a rational person ought to have in certain propositions given other propositions. So nobody interested in epistemology can really avoid inductive probabilities – least of all the inductive sceptic, whose thesis, after all, is precisely that the observational evidence *ought not* rationally to alter our degrees of belief about the unobserved.

Less convincing is Stove's line on the epistemological status of inductive probabilities. Anybody defending the rationality of induction has to come to terms with Nelson Goodman's "new problem of induction", which shows that the worth of an inductive argument cannot depend just on its formal structure, since the same form of inductive argument will work with one subject matter but not with another. That all observed water has been colourless is a good reason to believe that all water will always be colourless, but that all observed

among the existing owners, they had the right to tell newcomers that there was no room for them – that they could only stay on sufferance and on whatever terms the existing owners were disposed to offer. Reeve sees that it is only on a certain conception of ownership that the existing owners could do anything of the sort, and points out that Spencer does not much discuss what exactly ownership does or does not allow. That misses the point; which is that landowners can evict trespassers – can the present generation evict the next from all access to the earth and its fruits? Or, in Spencer's framework, if equal freedom entails an equal right to acquire exclusive ownership of a portion of the earth, what happens to equal freedom when all the earth has been acquired? Students of the subject will know that they must turn to Nozick's *Anarchy, State and Utopia* for some embarrassed answers; Reeve knows that, too, but momentarily forgets. It seems ungracious to end on a small quibble; but perhaps the smallness of the quibble is sufficient testimony to the virtues of the rest.

— diamonds have been smaller than a cricket ball
— is not a good reason to believe that all di-
— amonds will always be smaller than a cricket
ball.

Stove's initial response here is obvious enough: there is no reason why inductive logic should be a purely formal science. But then he makes the further surprising claim that we can tell good inductive arguments from bad ones by a priori intuition alone. Having come this far with Stove, it is surely more plausible to say that such knowledge is a posteriori, that it is empirical science itself that picks out "natural kinds" and tells us that the colours of chemical substances are "projectible". In Goodman's terminology, while the sizes of stones are not,

It is not immediately clear why Stove takes the unattractive *a priori* line here. At bottom it seems to be because of his close adherence to a traditional analysis of knowledge. In order for something to be known, in Stove's view, it needs to be either directly observed or intuited, or inferred from other known facts by inferential steps whose rationality is itself known. It is this last, highly Cartesian, clause that causes the trouble. For if the rationality of certain inductive inferences is to be inferred from a posteriori empirical findings, which must in turn be induced from observational evidence, then we will need to know that these latter inductions are themselves rational, and so will be off on an ineliminable regress.

But suppose instead that the requirement on inferred knowledge is simply that the inferential steps should be rational, not that the knower should know them to be rational. Then the regress disappears. Even when, as epistemologists, we are concerned with the specific question of whether certain inductive inferences are rational or not, no regress arises, since we only need to *perform* the inductive inferences required to attain this knowledge, and don't need simultaneously to assure ourselves that those inferences are rational.

This book, like Stove's recent *Popper and After* (1983), is an example of a little-practised philosophical genre, namely, argument aimed at opponents who share none of your assumptions. Stove has evolved a distinctive style for this purpose. Droll and ironic, it consists largely of heart-felt expressions of amazement that anybody could be so misguided as to hold views contrary to Stove's. This style has the virtue of clarity, and it is fun to read. But it must be said it works less well when Stove is arguing a positive thesis, as here, than it did in his earlier attack on the Popperians. As with satire in general, rhetorical appeals to common sense can effectively subvert other people's idiosyncrasies, but they aren't much help in defending one's own.

This is not to say that Stove's overall position is indefensible. It is certainly highly idiosyncratic in parts. But leaving doubts about the details to one side, the general thesis that inductive logic is not dead and that Humeans have been having it far too much their own way recently is largely convincing. No doubt Stove won't persuade everybody. But he should at least succeed in reviving interest in an important philosophical topic.

Paperbacks

Art history

ANITA BROOKNER, *Jacques-Louis David*. 223pp. Chatto and Windus. £12.95. 0 7011 3082 4. □ David was the leader of the Neoclassical movement in France, yet we have it on the authority of Baudelaire that he was the precursor of modern, that is Romantic painting. This artistic radical made it his personal crusade during the Revolution to dismantle the Academy of the *ancien régime*, yet he was responsible through the tyranny of his studio for much that was most conservative in the painting and theory of the nineteenth century. A fierce Jacobin in the 1790s, he was a place-seeker under the Empire. For Louis XVI David painted "The Oath of the Horatii", for the National Convention the murdered Marat in his bath, for Napoleon "The Coronation of Josephine" and in exile after 1815 the curious portrait known as "Les trois Dames de Gand" — a series of imperious yet protean masterpieces. In confronting the refractory personality of David in this the only full-length study of the painter in English, Anita Brookner confronts in exacerbated form the perennial problem of the relationship between the work of art, the artist and his times. *Jacques-Louis David*, which was first published in 1980 and reviewed in the *TLS* of January 9, 1981, is one of the most outstandingly perceptive and readable works of art-historical scholarship of recent years.

Biography and memoirs

CHARLES CARRINGTON, *Rudyard Kipling: His life and work*. 634pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 058028 X. □ First published in 1955 (and the subject of a lengthy review-article in the *TLS* of November 25 of that year), Charles Carrington's biography preceded the revival in Kipling's reputation. Carrington makes a good case for the pessimistic, stoical nature of Kipling's High Imperialist ethic and demonstrates how this blended with an outsider's rebelliousness that led him into the company of men such as Rhodes and Rider Haggard, rather than the London literary intelligentsia, and also caused him to refuse on numerous occasions official honours — knighthoods, the Laureateship, the OM — which he felt might inhibit his freedom as a writer. Most of his best work was done before he was forty, and the biography is understandably more interesting on these years, particularly the dazzling decade of the 1890s, when the young Kipling, newly arrived in London from India, carved out his place in the national consciousness that he has never entirely lost. Carrington's remains the standard biography, readable, sober, meticulous, although, by present-day standards it is perhaps a little dull because of its reliance about its subject's private life, or perhaps its failure to penetrate the wall that Kipling and his wife Carrie erected. It is left to Mrs Bambridge, Kipling's daughter

and watchdog of an archive, to put in a paragraph in dispraise of her mother in an afterword. Future biographers may find the withdrawal of her guard a spur to greater candour.

FRANCIS STEGMULLER, *Apollinaire: Poet among the painters*. 320pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 058022 0. □ With urbanity and élan Francis Stegmuller investigates the exotic, mysterious circumstances of Apollinaire's birth in Rome, his descent from Polish nobility and the possibility that he was Napoleon's great-grandson; he gives a similarly detailed account of the poet's upbringing in the charge of his raffish *demi-mondaine* mother, his schooling in the French language and sensibility in *fin-de-siècle* Monte Carlo and Paris. This colourful background prepares the way for a charming but sometimes cursory and often digressive narrative of Apollinaire's short adult life and his multiplicity of talents and activities as lover, poet, *littérateur*, art-critic, friend of Picasso and Max Jacob, and soldier; his war-service, head wound, the repatriation which cost him, according to André Billy, his personality; and his death just before the armistice. There are generous quotations from the letters, as from the accounts of friends and contemporaries, and some of the major poems are printed with facing translations (some of Stegmuller's comments on these have a distinctly old-fashioned belletristic tinge). Understandably a truly coherent portrait fails to emerge, but this is a vigorous attempt to convey the appeal of one of the poets best loved by the French, whose enormous influence — largely because of his untranslatable tone — is little recognised here.

Film

DON ALLEN, *Finally Truffaut*. 240pp. Paladin. £4.95. 0 586 08601 3. □ First published under the title *François Truffaut* in 1974, when *Jules and Jim*, *The Bride Wore Black* and *Day for Night* were already film history, and updated after his death in 1982, *Finally Truffaut* looks back on the complete works, and makes a final judgment on a director who himself was steeped in film culture. However, the young critic who blasted the stagnant French cinema and wrote the 1958 manifesto of the New Wave really wanted only to make lyrical films about love, like his idol Renoir, and thrillers like Hitchcock, transported to France. Don Allen devotes a short chapter to each of Truffaut's twenty-three films, illustrating them with half a dozen black-and-white stills apiece. He provides a plot summary, then discusses unpretentiously themes and obsessions, technique and false steps, quoting Truffaut liberally and never straying far into theory. The book ends with a chapter on projects uncompleted at the time of Truffaut's death, and filmography. A good beginner's guide.

History

HUGH THOMAS, *The Cuban Revolution*. 755pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95. 0 297 789 59 6. □ Hugh Thomas's 1971 study of the Cuban revolution returns to print, short of its first 788 pages but supplemented with a new three-page introduction. The missing section took the history of the island from the English expedition to Havana in 1762 up to the fall of Carlos Prío Socarrás in 1952. The 755 pages that survive cover the period from 1952 to 1970 in ample detail. They remain vivid, garrulous and intermittently illuminating. But they can hardly be said to offer a clear and economical explanation either of why Cuba ever came to pioneer socialist revolution in the Americas, or of why it has had such a distinctive impact upon the history of Africa and Latin America in the years since 1971. Thomas is not the sort of historian who poses clear analytical questions and seeks to answer them as firmly as he can. He does not overestimate the political intelligence of his readers. But he treats them civilly enough and conveys some of the charm of the country, alongside his own (not unreasonable) distaste at the regime under which it now lives. The original edition of the book was reviewed in the *TLS* of January 22, 1971.

Reference

GEORGE STONE SAUSSY III, *The Penguin Dictionary of Curious and Interesting Words*. 777pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 008520 3. □ There has yet to appear a volume entitled *The Wacky World of Words*, but out there in that great platonic Reading Room chock-full of amateur lexicographers all resting up their day jobs, somebody's probably hard at it. George Stone Saussy's dictionary, originally and punningly published in America as *The Oxtar English Dictionary* (oxter: "British dialect for armpit") is one of the latest attempts. Like a successful predecessor, *Mrs Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure and Preposterous Words* (1979), it beachcombs the wilder shores of the vocabulary, picking up all manner of linguistic arcana. All well and good, but thence whither? Without wishing to demean Mr Saussy's labours, those looking up such words are more likely to consult the *OED*. But his efforts are far from being in vain. Taking his examples from a wide range of modern works, many of which are not listed in the *OED's* *Supplementary Bibliography* (1986), he has provided a whole range of new citations for words which, while included in the original *OED*, might otherwise be assumed long obsolete. For instance, "columbrine" (snake-like, 1883) turns up in John Gardner's *Jason and Medea* in 1973 and "dagswain" (a coarse coverlet of shaggy material, 1577) occurs in Mark Helprin's *Winter's Tale* in 1983. This should be adopted wholesale by those destined to ply the keyboards of that soon-to-be-computerized tome and Mr Saussy given due acknowledgement.

Sociology

LEONORE DAVIDOFF, *The Best Circles*. 127pp. Century Hutchinson Cresset Library. £4.95. 0 09 168761 6. □ Originally published in 1973 (and reviewed in the *TLS* on November 30 of that year), a side-effect of a course of research into wider areas of British social and economic life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, *The Best Circles* is an academically minded investigation into the upper-class way of life in late-Victorian and Edwardian England. The book's approach is catholic. The source material encompasses studies by Weber and Veblen, society biographies and memoirs, periodicals such as *Punch* and the *Lady* and books with titles such as *Court Etiquette: A guide to intercourse with royal or titled persons*. The theoretical underpinning delineating groups and social motivation in London, the counties and the suburbs, supports a mass of minute detail on such matters as coming out, leaving cards, charity work, chaperoons, front and back-stage servants. For Leonore Davidoff, the fascination of the "Upstairs" world lies in the lives of the women who enforced the unwritten rules of society and there are some interesting insights into the collapse of a highly structured society after the First World War. A chapter on "Women and work" reveals the unsanitary reality behind the housemaids' polish but on the whole the tone of the book is neither nostalgic nor condemnatory.

WILLIAM STOTT, *Documentary Expression and Thirties America*. 369pp. University of Chicago Press. £10.95. 0 226 77559 3. □ *Documentary Expression and Thirties America* is itself a formidable effort of documentation. William Stott contends that documentary is the most important art form of its era in America, backing his claim with a compendium of example, anecdote and textual criticism: photojournalism flourished in *Life* and other magazines; Theodore Dreiser abandoned fiction to inquire into living conditions of Harlem County miners; and Franklin Roosevelt's speeches substituted subdocumentary tales for statistical evidence. The final section deals with Stott's heroes: James Agee and Walker Evans, author and photographer of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, the documentary book on Alabama sharecroppers. By invidious comparison, Stott argues that that work transcends the genre of eyewitness reports on everyday America by refusing to sentimentalize or manipulate the poverty of its subjects. His own book, which was first reviewed in the *TLS* of June 14, 1974, includes a new interview with Agee in which he claims for himself the same independent dignity which, according to Stott, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* so exceptionally allows the sharecroppers.

Reviews by Marc Jordan, J. K. L. Walker, Alan Jenkins, Alice G. Phillips, John Dunn, Jonathan Green, Lindsay Duguid and Adam Boulton.

Bibliography

Bartram, Alan *The English Lettering Tradition: From 1700 to the present day*. 180pp. illus. £25. 0 85331 512 4. 30/11/86.
Bryant, Italianian Bell Robert Graves: An annotated bibliography (Reference Library of the Humanities, 671).
Garland, 200pp. £38. 0 8240 8556 6. 11/86.
Cheneaux, Peter Trench Maps: A collectors' guide, vol. 1.
Mapbooks, 23 Lansdown Place, Leves, East Sussex BN7 2JU. 36pp. illus. £6 (paperback). 12/86.
Johnson, Timothy V. Malcolm X: A comprehensive annotated bibliography (Reference Library of Social Science).
Garland. 192pp. £35. 0 8240 8590 9. 12/86.
Jullay, Michael Vladimir Nabokov: A descriptive bibliography.
Garland. 700pp. \$80. 0 8240 8590 9. 12/86.
McKenzie, D.P. Bibliography and the Sociology of Texts (The Pinter Lectures 1985).
Jahrling Library. 70pp. £10 (paperback). 6/7/82 0085 6. 4/12/86.
Myers, Robin, and Michael Harris, editors Bibliography (Publishing History Occasional Series, 2).
Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey. 72pp. illus. £25 (hardcover). 0 85364 188 4. 29/1/86.
Nabokov, Kenneth Maps of the Bible Lands.
Times Books. 164pp. £30. 0 7250 0085 1. 17/11/86.

Sutherland, Zena *The Best in Children's Books: The University of Chicago guide to children's literature 1975-1984*.
Chicago UP. 511pp. £29.75. 0 226 78060 0. 11/86.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Emecetha, Buchl Head Above Water
Ogwunwa Afo. 243pp. £12.95. 0 93081 773 2. 11/12/86.
Franklin, Benjamin, edited by William B. Wilson *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin*, vol. 25: October 1, 1777, through February 28, 1778.
Yale UP. 779pp. £38.77. 0 300 03370 2. 20/11/86.
Haycock, Russell G. Sam Hughes: The public career of a controversial Canadian, 1885-1916 (Canadian War Museum Historical Publication 21).
Waterloo, Canada: Wilfrid Laurier UP. UK dist. General Cross: Colin Smythe. 355pp. Can\$34.95. 0 88920 177 1. 11/12/86.
Hughes, Langston I Wonder as I Wander: An autobiographical journey (Classic Reprint Series: 14 pub. 1956).
New York: Thunder's Mouth. 405pp. \$9.95 (paperback). 0 938410 36 9. 25/11/86.

Business

Nakawell, R.G.W. *Business Information and the Public Library*.
Aldershot: Gower. 309pp. £22.30. 0 506 03377 5. 15/11/86.

TLS Listings

Contemporary International Financial Policy and Development
Lund. 220pp. £29.50. 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.
H. Allen, and John Crump *State Capitalism: The experience under new management*.
Lund. 160pp. £25 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.
H. Allen, Colin Mayer and David Thompson, editors *Capitalism and Regulation: The UK experience*.
Lund. 330pp. £25 (hardcover), £9.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.
H. Allen, George N., editor *Greece and the EEC: Integration and convergence (University of Reading Studies and International Studies)*.
Lund. 170pp. £27.50. 0 333 40823 0. 4/12/86.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance, or, The last days of the English Renaissance*.
Lund. 160pp. £15.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 40890 X. 29/1/87.

Contemporary
H. Allen, William, edited by William Donaldson *The Drama of the*